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Vol. CXXI. No. 1578 APRIL 19, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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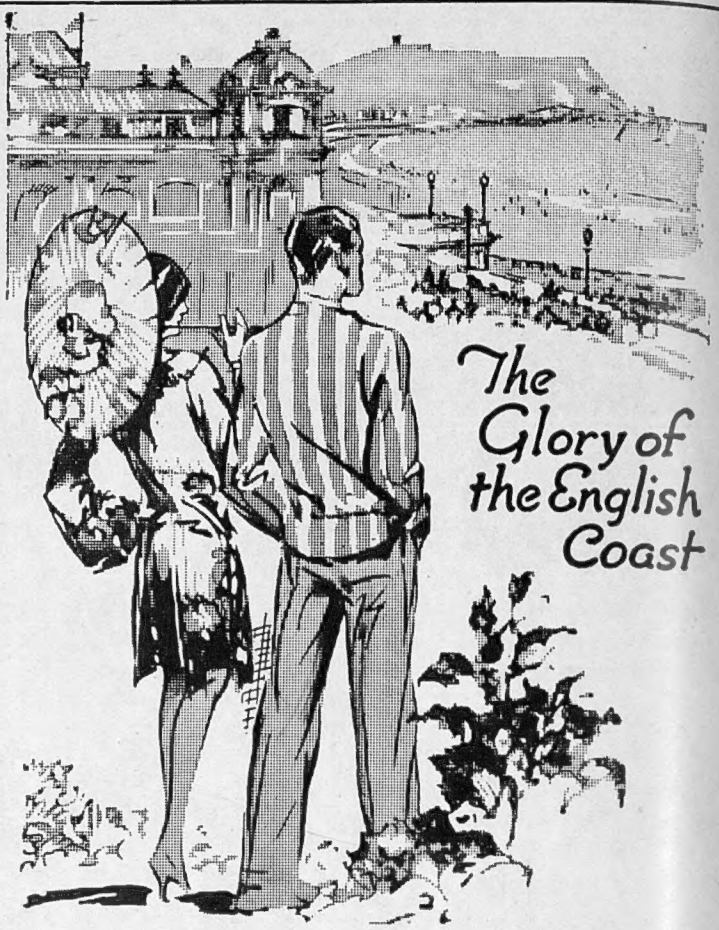

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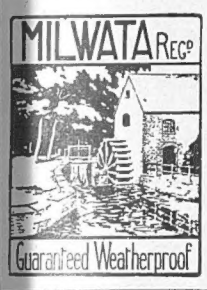

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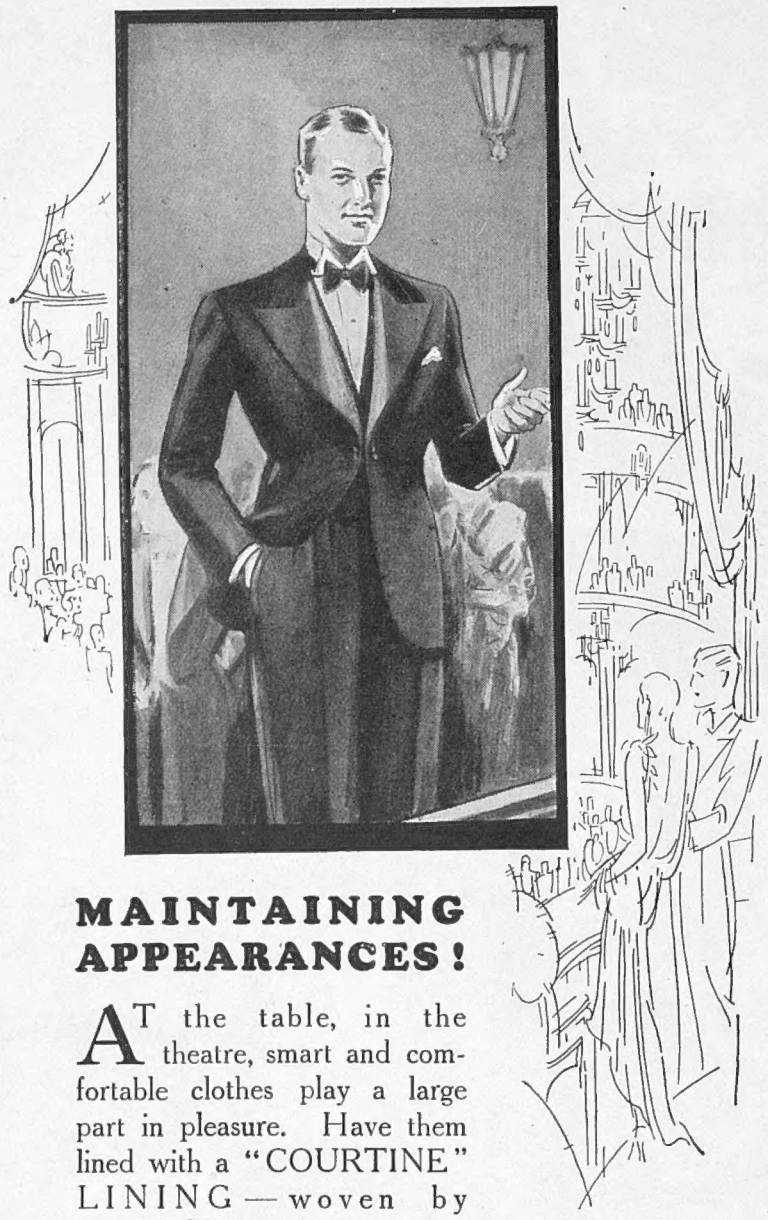

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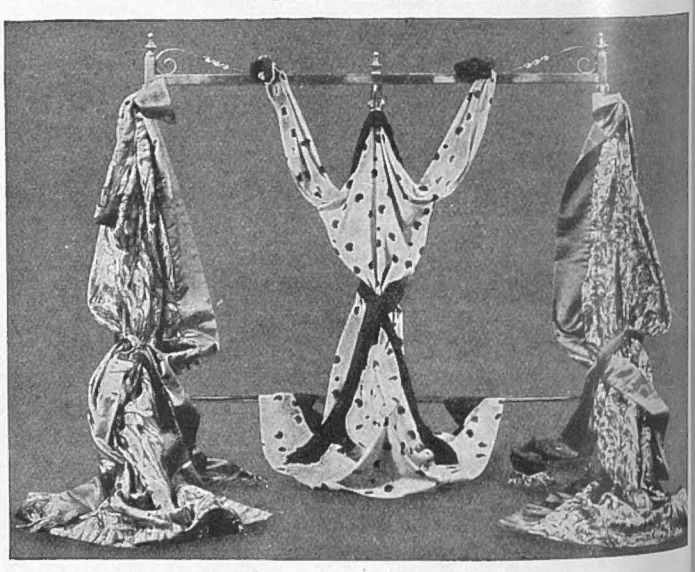

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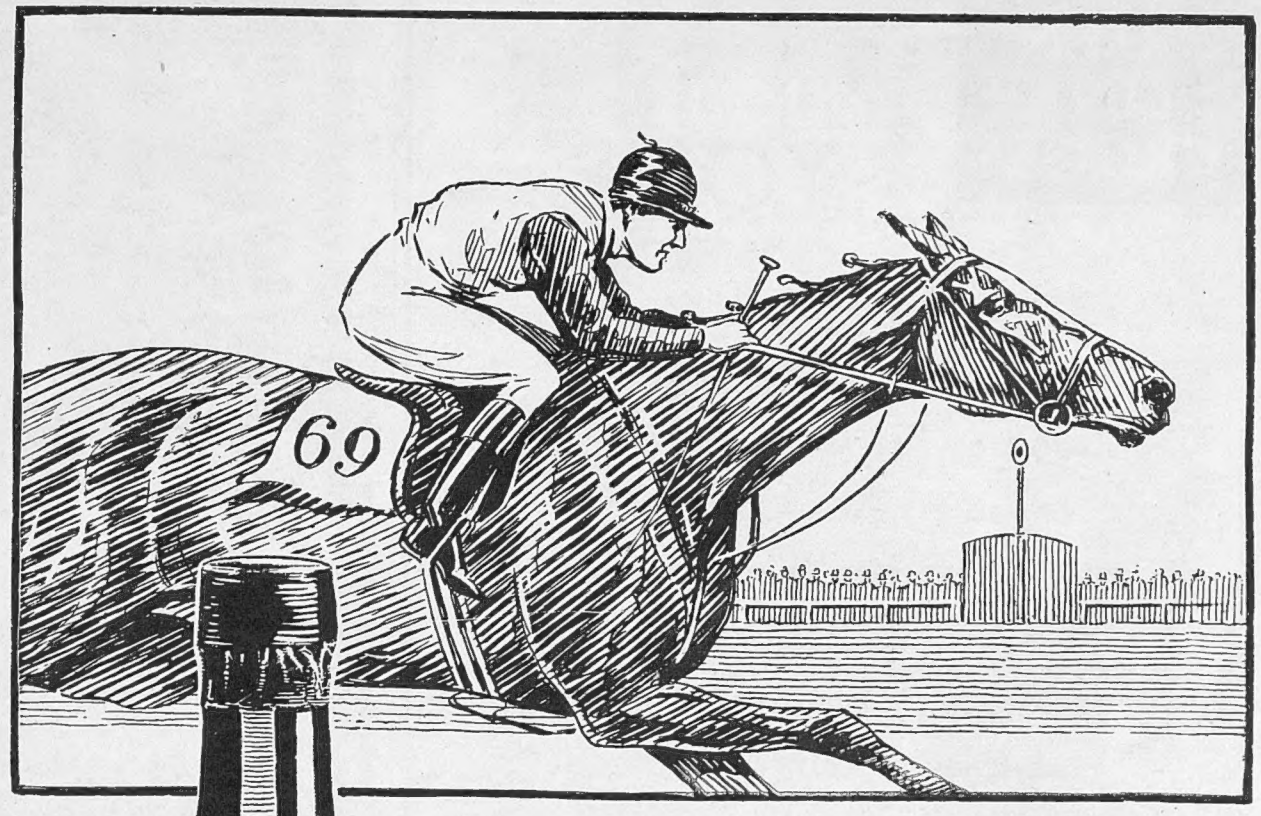

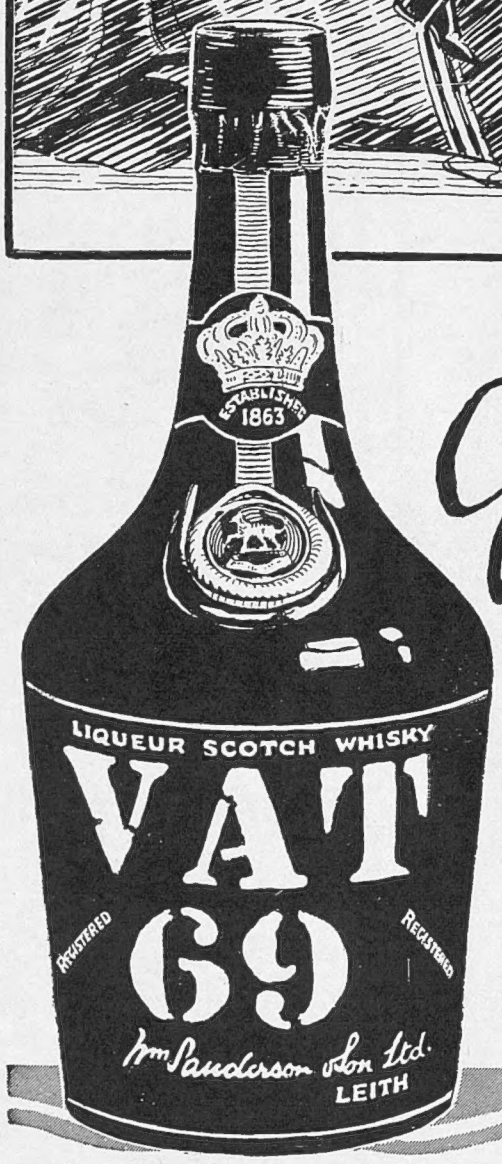

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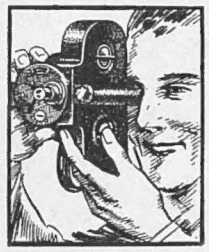

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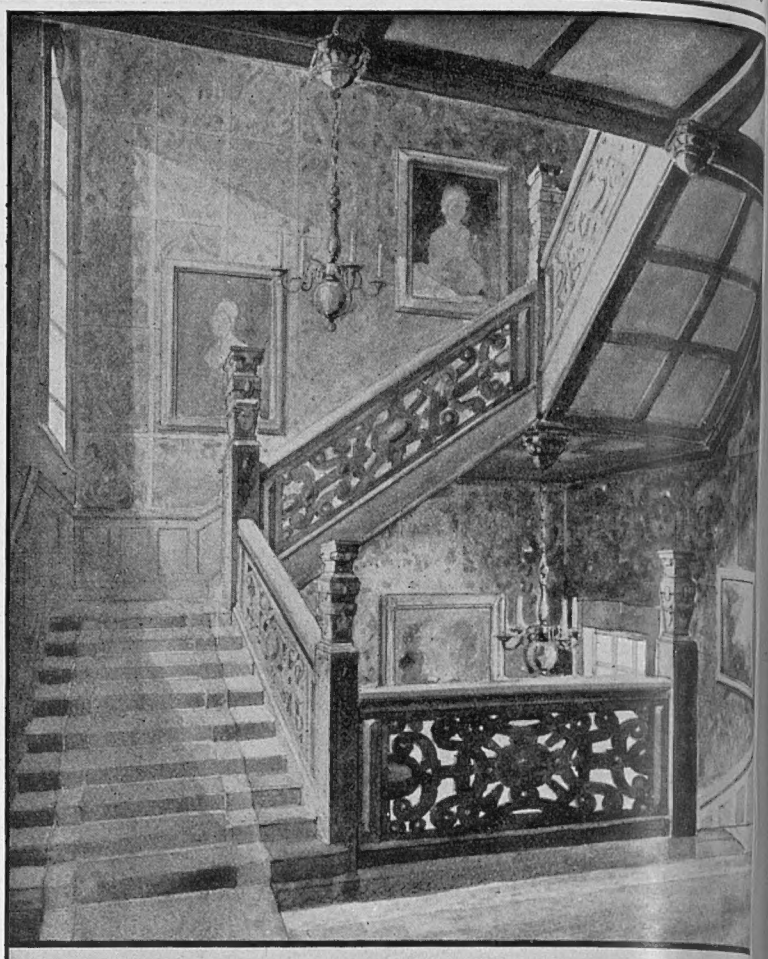

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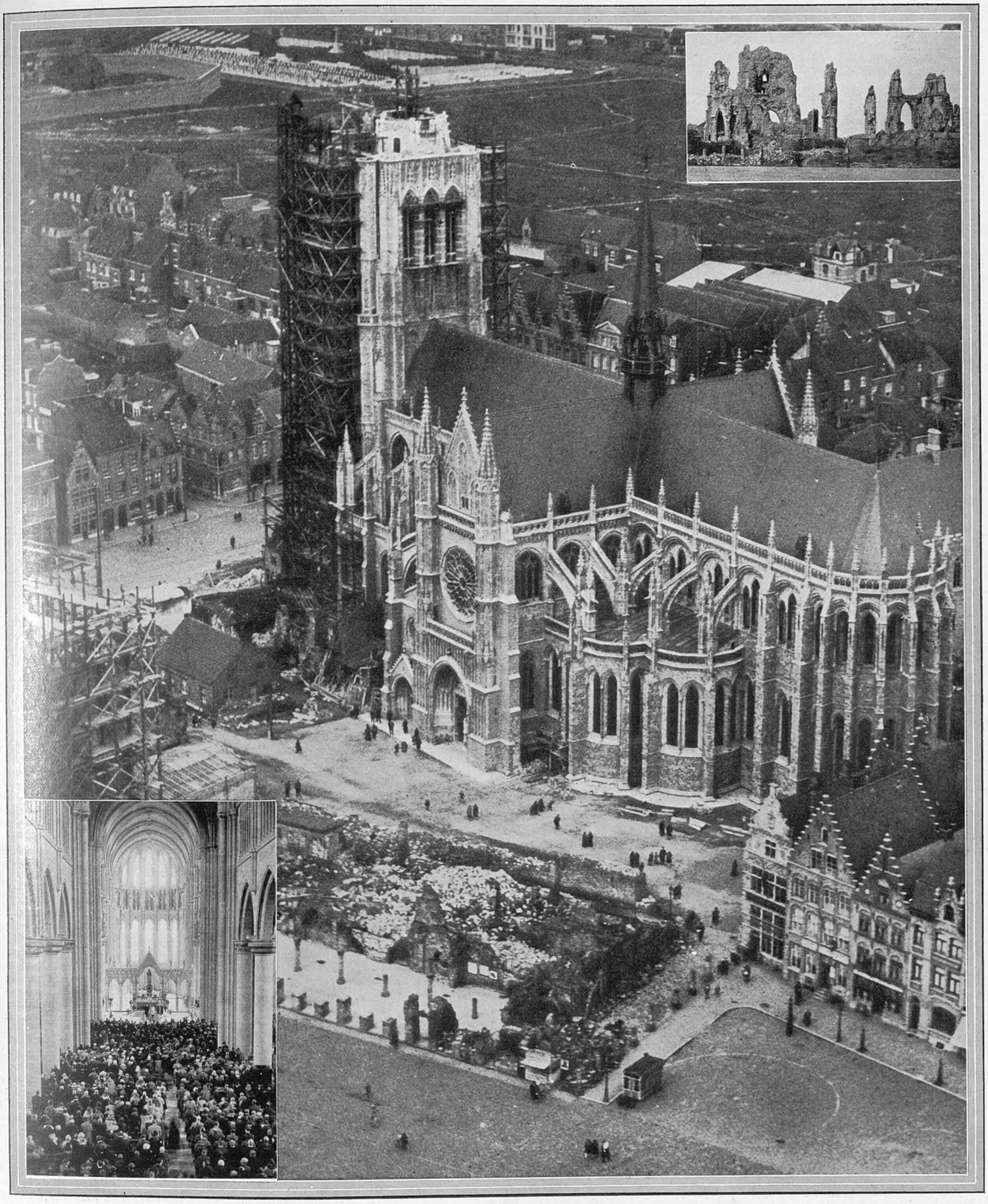


The rebuilt Cathedral; and *inset above*—the ruin of the War it replaced; and *below*—the scene in the nave during the ceremony

The INAUGURATION of REBUILT YPRES Cathedral Palm Sunday, 1930

The new Ypres Cathedral, the Church of St. Martin, which has replaced the twelfth-century edifice destroyed during the War, was inaugurated last Sunday morning. High Mass was attended by a crowded congregation. In the afternoon there was a procession attended by the civic authorities when the statue of Notre Dame de Thuyne, the patron saint of Ypres, which was saved from the ruins of the old St. Martin's, was borne to the new building. The statues of the Apostles, the beautiful carved pulpit, the choir stalls, the lectern, and the baptismal fonts, which were artistic jewels, have yet to be replaced.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, April 16.

Eastertide.—There is a great deal to be said for an Easter Holiday in mid-April. Easter is our festival of annual renaissance — hence (need I say) the Pasch egg, emblem of the Resurrection. And pagan communities had their annual celebrations of the year's new and pleasant beginning at the same time. Indeed, as I have said, Buchan, with his cold snap naps, is the only fly in the ointment of a fixed Easter in mid-April. For in our calendar splendid anniversaries adorn this Eastertide, which falls in "summer time," and is bounded by Primrose Day and St. George's Day, two very typically British festivals. Disraeli—the complete negation of the typical Englishman — goes down to History as John Bull's patron saint, a cynical smile, invisible to John Bull, on his parchment face. And as for April 23, St. George's Day, this is a portmanteau festival of English history. For it commemorates St. George, Shakespeare, and Zeebrugge, and our history would look silly if those three items were omitted.

Bonheur Oblige.—So it is that when Easter falls about April 20 nothing is wanting to make a country holiday a radiant occasion for the renaissance of hope and joy and sanity and decency. The meadows are emerald, the woods a mist of tenderest green; the birds are singing and nesting, the cuckoo impishly stuttering, the copses carpetted with primroses and gardens gay with daffodils. All England is Shakespeare's England and Nature, Shakespeare's only superior with the brush, has painted "the meadows with delight." Every normal man—misfortune apart—can hardly fail to be happy to-day. And every decent one ought to remember to-day that happiness (like exalted birth) has its obligations and responsibilities. And indeed those responsibilities are exactly the same. *Noblesse oblige* means simply "you are born a gentleman—behave as such." Every Englishman to-day may justly feel that he was born on, and is heir to, a nobleman's estate. And that being so, let him remember to behave as such. No gentleman would dream of trespassing on his neighbour's private grounds; of leaving greasy paper lying about after a picnic; of tearing up wild flowers wantonly by the roots; of running his stinking car over the turf-downs, the last refuge of the poor pedestrian; of leaving broken glass to hurt the feet of children and cattle; of setting fire to furze bushes "to see how they will burn," of taking a whole clutch of eggs from a nest (I admit exceptions to this rule). This Easter, in the name of gratitude, pay for your happiness with cash-down decency.

The Shakespeare Festival. — The present year seems to be a quite admirable chance for those who have missed a great experience in life to repair the error. From one cause or another the American tourist invasion is like to be on a smaller scale than usual. America's misfortune is our opportunity. There may be standing-room for us at Stratford to attend the Shakespeare Festival. It is amazingly worth while. It is not only the chance of seeing a cycle of the plays performed by star players. The magic of the festival is that the whole countryside is set for *As You Like It*. It is the quintessence of drama, as Salzburg affords the quintessence of music. You go to your seat in the theatre direct from a walk by the banks of the Avon, you emerge from one magic scene into another. You soak in Shakespeare all day long. And you can do that nowhere else. Go then and bless me. And if you take my tip you will not find it necessary to camp at the theatre's door nor to give over much deference to the hackneyed sightseers' Meccas. Put up at Warwick rather than at Stratford; give a miss to Ann Hathaway's cottage and visit Kenilworth instead. Prefer the Warwick Almshouses to Shakespeare's birthplace. Use your head. Avoid the queue. And let me hear from you this day fortnight.

Power Carries Conviction.—Parliament "broke up for the holidays" with all the form prizes taken by Labour boys. Whether it is that office and power infuse a measure of conviction into parliamentary oratory, or that convictions and an ideal are indeed the driving force of the Socialists, it is certainly true that during the winter past the standard of oratory has been immensely higher on the Government side than among the Opposition. Ministerials have brought vigour and good sense into debates. With the exception of Mr. Baldwin and one or two others, the Opposition has proved destructive, petty, and pin-pricking. None who has listened half-a-dozen times to debates in the House will contradict this opinion. It was precisely the same thing when the Conservatives were in power. We deplored the absence of any serious Opposition. It was to be so very different under the new Government. But no. Opposition, once the opportunity of the Ruperts of Debate, is now but a flaccid sojourn in the wilderness. It takes away the last shred of virtue from the party system. It is rather unsporting, if not un-English.

DEFEATING 4,000: Miss Dorothy Coldwells of Hampstead, who won the Institute of Chartered Accountants' Prize for the senior bookkeeping and accountancy examination of the London Chamber of Commerce, for which 4,000 entered. Miss Coldwells is the second woman in forty years to achieve this honour

The Two Nations.—Mr. Albert Coates' £10,000 a year offer from the Soviet Government to conduct the Moscow Opera must make many people scratch their heads. It consorts oddly with our notion of life in modern Russia. The key to the apparent inconsistencies in the reports of travellers from Russia is that the Soviets direct two Russias (or more). One at any rate is for the foreigner and the trader. The foreigner may live in Moscow the cosmopolitan Ritz-Carlton existence that he can live in Paris, New York, or London, and an obtuse globe-trotter may well report after a visit to Moscow that all this talk of Soviet oppression and general misery is so much claptrap. But those who penetrate to Leningrad have a different story to tell of the headquarters of the first great experiment in Communism; outwardly the tale may be dreary and sordid, but I have no doubt at all that below the surface and between the lines may be seen and read a great deal of hope and enthusiasm.

The Shackles of Civilization.—The youth of New Russia is not all degraded, feckless, and criminal. That large section which has wholeheartedly embraced the tenets and set on high the ideals of Communism are clearly extraordinarily hopeful and light-hearted. For them, indeed, the ideal of freedom from all doubts and from every form of material care has knocked off the heaviest shackles of our own civilization —the care and burden of possessions, the fear and anxieties of insoluble doubts and problems. They have faced their facts, banished all roseate speculations, and are unquestionably extracting from bleak certainty a great deal of lighthearted enjoyment. I believe that it is fair to say that among such communities existence is indeed free; there is liberty without licentiousness, and men may live without fear of their neighbour's tongue and the ceaseless tyranny of class pride and "appearances." Even the devil is not so black as he's painted, and the tragedy is not unrelieved.

Of Cabbages and Kings. — There falls this year the bimillenary (take a deep breath and try again) of one of the world's six greatest poets. He was born so long ago that an exact anniversary is unnecessary but let us not neglect a bimillenary. In B.C. 70 was born in Mantua in Cisalpine Gaul Vergilius Maro. Vergil should be spelt thus and not Virgil. His father was a small squire. He "took his degree" at Milan and put in some "terms" at Naples. In the wars of B.C. 42 the parental estate was confiscated and the injustices of war ultimately brought the family to Rome. The *Eclogues* were his first venture in the Eternal City. The *Æniad* (known to "every schoolboy") was not published in his lifetime nor indeed with his consent. The *Georgics*, despite their popularity (with masters) as a form of punishment, remain the first magic casement that ever opened for me. I am thankful that I can still quote a few pages of them. The last sentence of the famous inscription on Vergil's tomb runs, *Cecini pascua, rura, duces*. Roughly translated, "I have sung of cabbages and kings." I prefer the cabbages.

The Sword of Damocles.—It surprises me how little the general public has yet considered the question of danger from the air. The crashing of a big aeroplane on a private house is not the only vague possibility of new danger from the air age. As private flying becomes increasingly general ethereal flotsam and jetsam is bound to be a source of anxiety and the position as it will be in five years' time is dawning on those whose houses or grounds lie beneath the track of recognized air routes, and who set their clocks by the punctual explosions of the passing air mails. It is not very pleasant to have to endure the daily daisy-cutting swoops and bankings of military aeroplanes above the tree tops in one's garden, and when one considers the large harvest of loose nuts and bolts on any trunk road it is surprising that hitherto so few claims for broken heads and glass have been made against airmen. I suppose that it is not impossible that ten years hence recognized airways may be pegged out in chequer-board fashion over the face of England. And the wise pawn will take up a position in the very centre of his square.

A CHRISTENING AT THE CHURCH OF WEDDINGS: The infant son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Brian Guinness was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The young scion of the house of Guinness is seen above in the arms of his nurse with his father and mother on either side

The Point-to-Point.—Day after day for the past three weeks the Hunts of England have been holding their point-to-point races. These diversions show no sign of losing popularity. A great grass field is churned into liquid mud by hundreds on hundreds of motor-cars; a couple of farm horses labour all day pulling out the axle-deep unfortunates; the winds blow icy cold; the rain falls; the horn blows and five times a field of seven lean, stringy, hawk-nosed men on lean, stringy horses tittup across to the starting point, and after jumping one fence *coram publico*, disappear into the blue and are next seen strung out, a momentary glimpse on the horizon. The patient public at last enjoy the spectacle of two survivors of the field of seven making a race of it more or less over the last two fences. At a respectable interval the first and second home are flogged dead beat past the post, and a few fortunates go and draw their half-crowns from the travelling tote or the raucous fraternity. It is very much as it was *consule Planco*. I have only one criticism: the races are mis-named. The fences nowadays are mostly artificial and the very easiness of them is a source of grave danger.

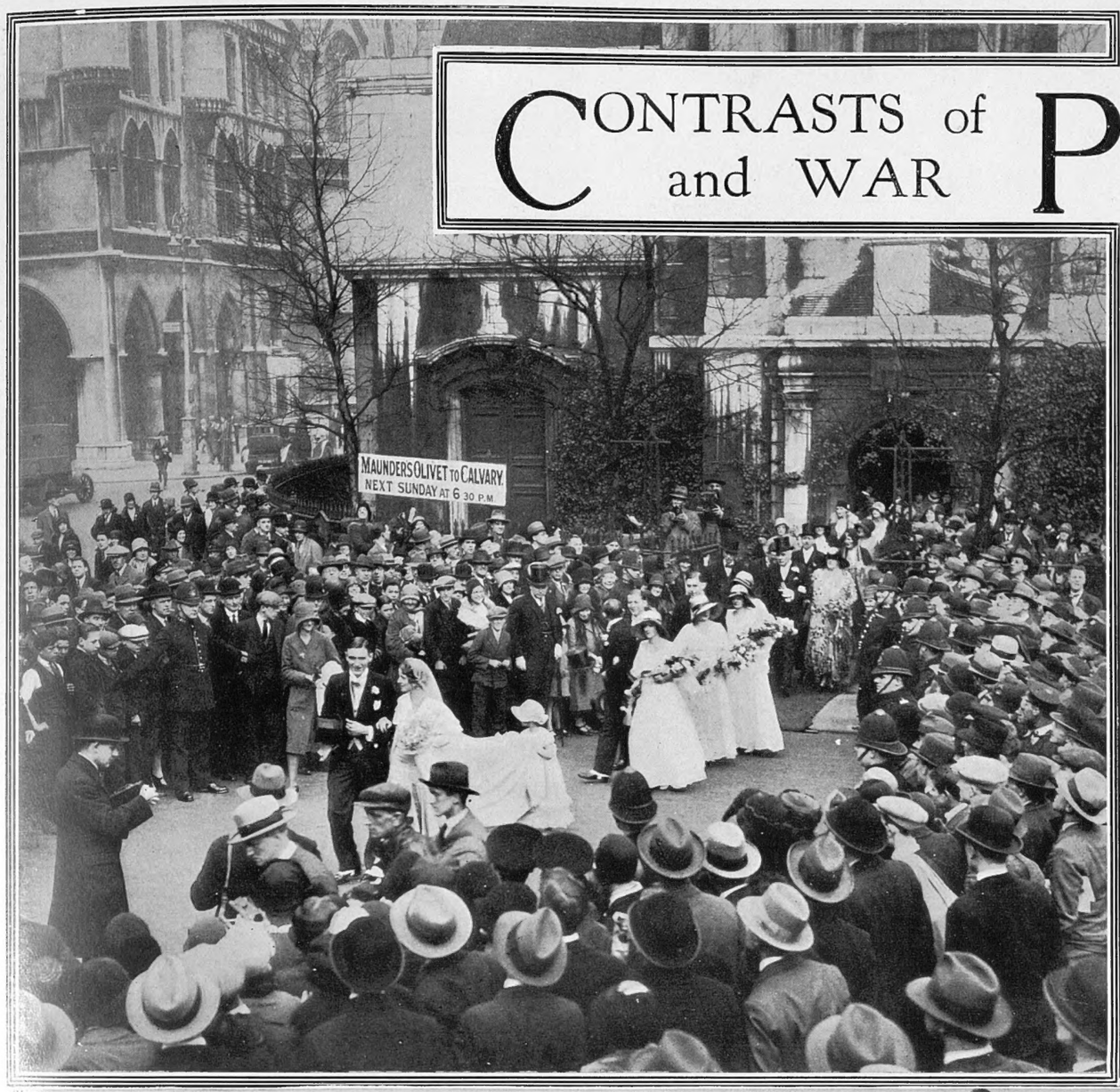
The Man and His Monument.—When I had read the appeal of some eminent gentlemen for subscriptions to erect a suitable memorial on the grave of Henry Kingsley in Cuckfield Churchyard, I got out my well-thumbed cheque-book. They did not overrate the debt that many of us, who still love old romances, owe to the author of *Ravenshoe* (for to me Henry Kingsley is a one-book man), and I would gladly pay a part of that debt in dirty money. But second thoughts checked the moving finger. It was not meanness, but a growing distaste for appeals to mere sentiment which deterred me. Kingsley has been long dead. Over the graves of better men than he eulogies on stone and tributes on brass have faded away. The body decays but the spirit lives, and the memory of the author of a fine book is enshrined in the heart of his public from generation to generation. His work is his memorial, the best and most lasting kind. If they appealed for a widow, or for a distressed grand-daughter of a dead writer, very gladly would I contribute what I could well afford. But for a tombstone tribute *now*—no. This is mere sentimentality. There are a million living, breathing claimants to our surplus shillings, and I believe that Henry Kingsley would be the first to vote the money collected to the slum children he loved, or the sailorman's dependants.

So Now You Know.—Mr. Snowden has spoken and those who came to hear remain to pay. It might have been worse, for we have our percentage of 100 per cent. pessimists. Those of us who remember what our fathers and uncles used to say regarding the inevitability of national bankruptcy in those distant days when a shilling income tax extracted the few millions required for the coming year, will hesitate to say that the sum which Mr. Snowden was required to find can never be exceeded, or that his proposed method of finding it spells financial ruin. There will be groans, protests, squeals, opposition, from this class or that organisation, but once more the poor camel will fall into line, loaded "to the very last straw." Once more, like the time-honoured Briton presented with his Paris hotel bill, it will be a case of: "Très biang; je paye, mais j'écrirai au *Times*."

THE OLD STAGER.

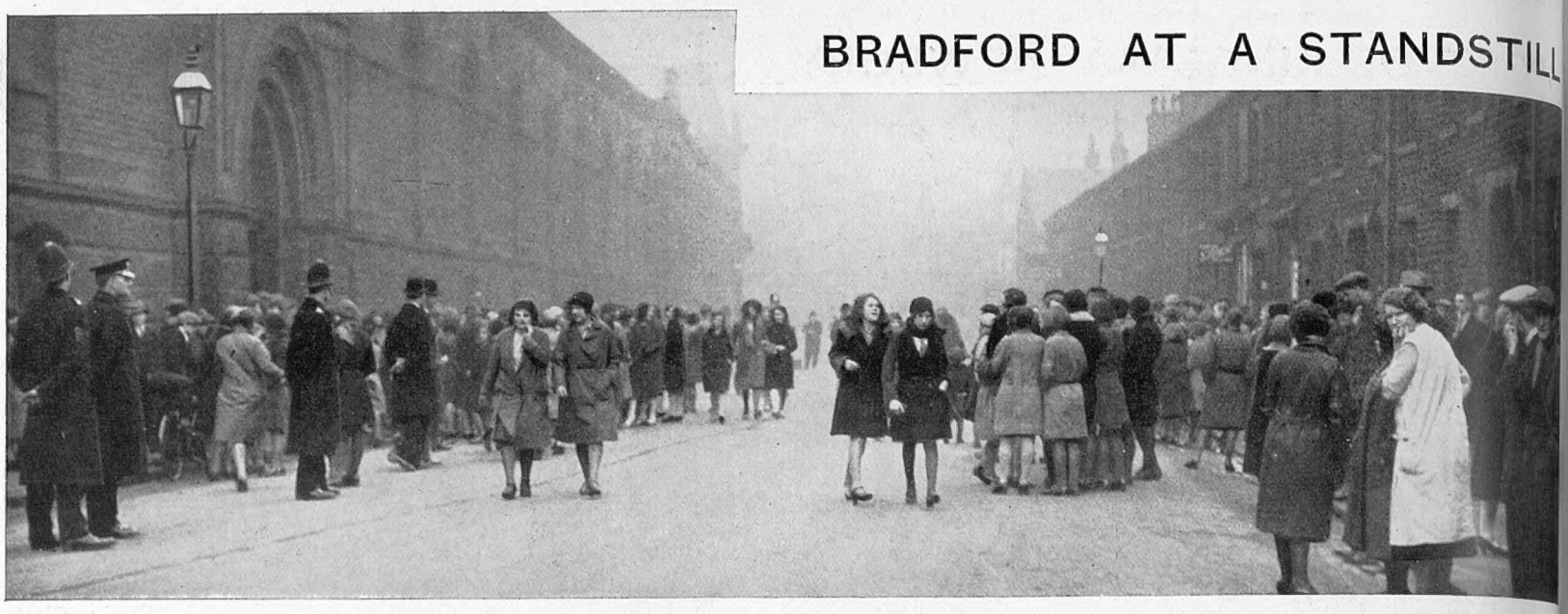
CONTRASTS of PEACE and WAR in LONDON TOWN

The Speaking-film Version of the Most Vivid War Play on the Stage, under construction at Elstree, and an Anglo-Australian Wedding in the Strand



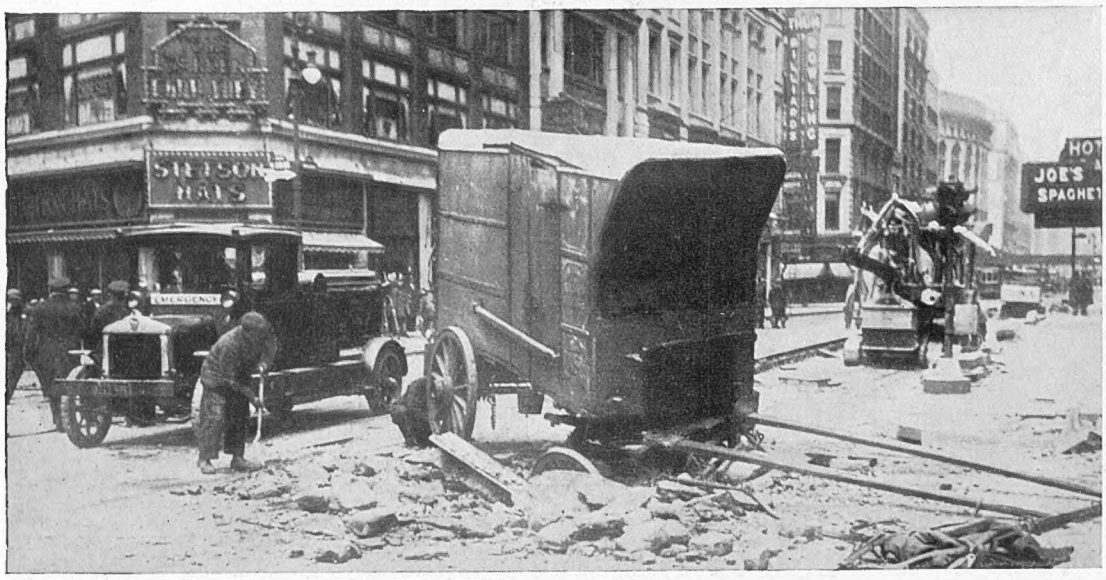
"SUSPENSE": A scene from the talkie version of the vivid and successful war play by Patrick MacGill, now running at the Duke of York's Theatre. The film version of the play, which the critics hail as another (more brutal) "Journey's End," is under construction at Elstree. *Above*—AN EMPIRE WEDDING: Mr. Wallace Kendall, M.B.B.S., with his bride, formerly Dr. Vera Hackett, leave St. Clement Dane's Church, Strand, after their marriage, to walk to the reception at Australia House. The marriage united the ends of the earth, for the bride is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Winthrop Hackett and Lady Hackett of Lordello, South Australia

BRADFORD AT A STANDSTILL



STRIKERS VERSUS POLICE: A scene outside Manningham Mills, Bradford, where the operatives who had ceased work had an encounter with the constabulary. Over 100,000 workers are idle owing to a lock-out on the question of wages-cuts

ITEMS CONCERNING THE STATES



NO MAN'S LAND, NEW YORK: The city was severely shaken by fifteen, as yet, unexplained explosions recently which blew craters in the surface of Broadway. The cart seen above was over a manhole when the explosion took place, and the horse escaped

GRÆCO-AMERICANS SEEKING BRIDES: The presid... the Ahepo Society with two officials in charge o... trip taken by 1,000 Greek-Americans who have rec... sailed for Athens in response to a plaint of "lu... fluous women"

PERSONALITIES IN THE NEWS

AT THE PETER NORTH EXHIBITION: The Hon. Nancy Freeman Mitford, daughter of Lord Redesdale, and Miss Nancy Beaton, at the Exhibition of Camera Portraits in Old Burlington Street

EXTREMES MEET: Mr. A. C. Durban, an ex-newsboy, and his bride, Miss Vivienne Huntingdon of New York, an heiress. They are making their life in Canada

LOCAL COLOUR AND LOCAL COLOURS: Miss M... Gay visits Nellie, the flower-seller in Piccadilly C... —a purveyor of local colour to many actre... taking flower-selling parts — notably Mrs. H... Phillipson (Miss Mabel Russell)

SPORT OF KINGS AT NEWBURY

ALL OUT TO WIN: A scene at Newbury. The race pictured above is the Juvenile Selling Plate, won by Mrs. Cornelius's Micky Mouse (near the camera). Fig Leaf ran second. Flat-racing is in full swing—to the probable detriment of many punters

PETROL POWER AND MOTOR LUXURY

A QUESTION OF "DRIVING": The electric car which has been devised to enable easily fatigued golfers "to drive from drive to drive"—or from drive to iron! The little car takes the player from shot to shot, thus eliminating all unnecessary exertion from a game constantly recommended as exercise by physicians

MOUNTAINEERING UP-TO-DATE: No more eloquent testimony to the power of the modern petrol engine (and the stamina of the modern girl) can be found than that seen above—a motor-cycle ascent of the Clent Hills

LANDSLIDE IN SOUTH WALES

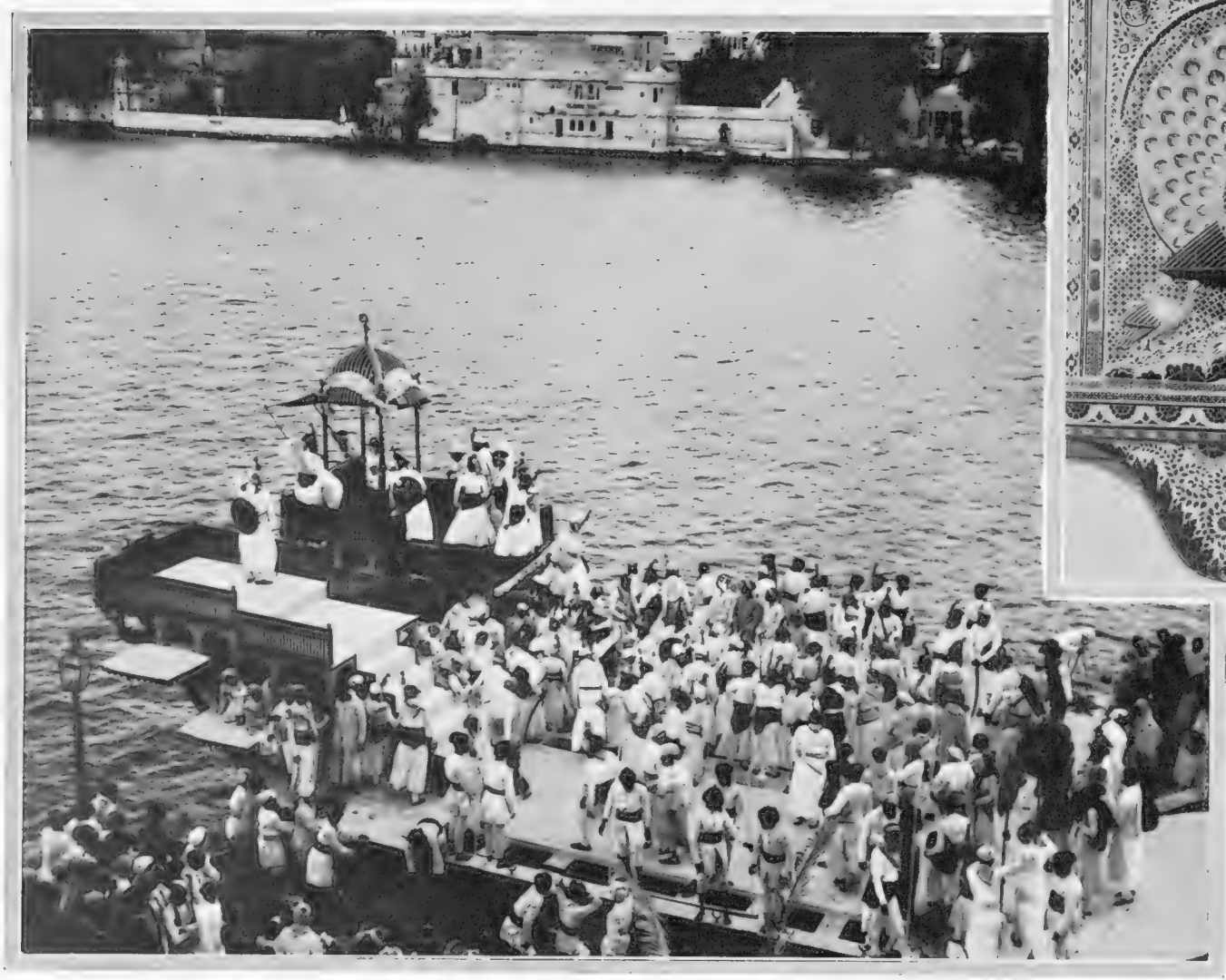
THE ELEMENTS ON THE WARPATH: A huge landslide occurred the other day at New Tredegar, South Wales. Thousands of tons of rock fell on and destroyed the road and railway and did much damage to the recently closed offices and buildings of the New Tredegar Colliery. Above is seen the roadway shattered to pieces

TOPPLING TO DESTRUCTION: The landslide at New Tredegar has been aptly described as "a moving mountain." Above is seen one glimpse of the havoc wrought upon the winding-house and neighbouring sheds of the colliery

The SPRING

GAZING UPON THEIR LORD

Women at the Festival of the Dolls turn their eyes to the Maharana. Some women carry babies, others dolls



THE SACRED LANDING-STAGE

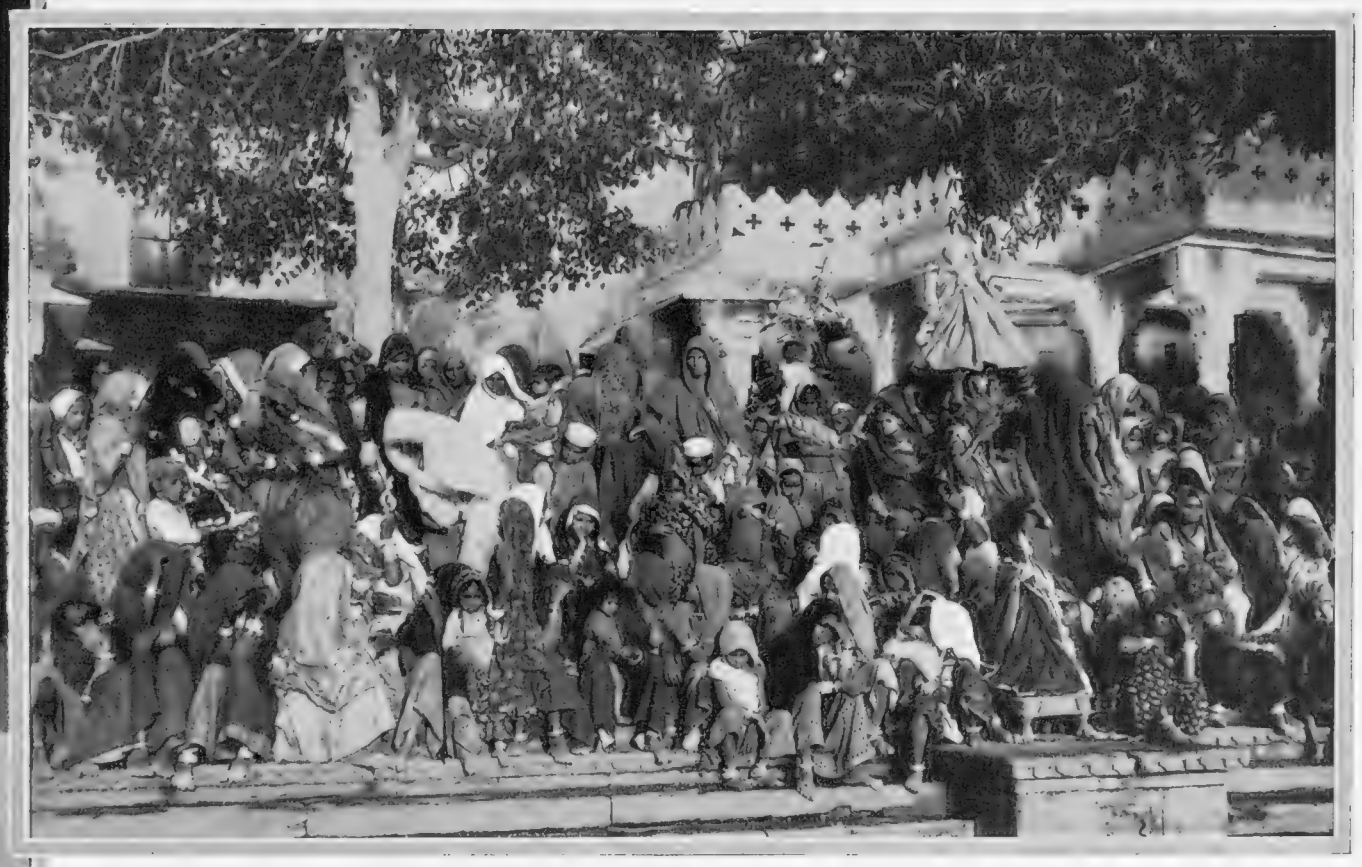
The Maharana boards the State barge at the Gangur Ghat, whence no one may angle as the fish give asylum to the souls of the ruler's ancestors

The Gangur Festival, or Festival of the Dolls, takes place once a year early in spring in Old Udaipur, Rajputana. It is the only festival in which women are allowed to participate and they enter the processions in hundreds carrying dressed-up dolls of all kinds. It is one of the strangest festivals in India and is undoubtedly connected with the pagan spring festivals of creation or productiveness and rejuvenation. It is especially the women's festival, though men take part. It is also one of the rare occasions when the Maharana (a sacred person to the Hindus on account of his lineage) is seen in public. At the height of the festival he makes his way through the ancient town of Udaipur, capital of the State, on a richly draped and painted elephant, his suite likewise mounted, with a strong bodyguard, the people crowding the narrow ways, windows, and roofs. On reaching the lakeside the Maharana goes aboard the State barge and is rowed round the lake

ESTIVAL OF THE DOLLS AT UDAIPUR.

The ONLY INDIAN FESTIVAL in which WOMEN, usually kept Severely in Purdah, are Allowed to Participate

OUR SCORE YEARS: Fir Fateh Singh, Bahadur f Udaipur, who has ttained a ripe old age. On left is a detail of the Peacock Wall



THE FESTIVAL OF THE WOMEN

The women go unveiled, even in the most orthodox State of Rajputana, for one day a year

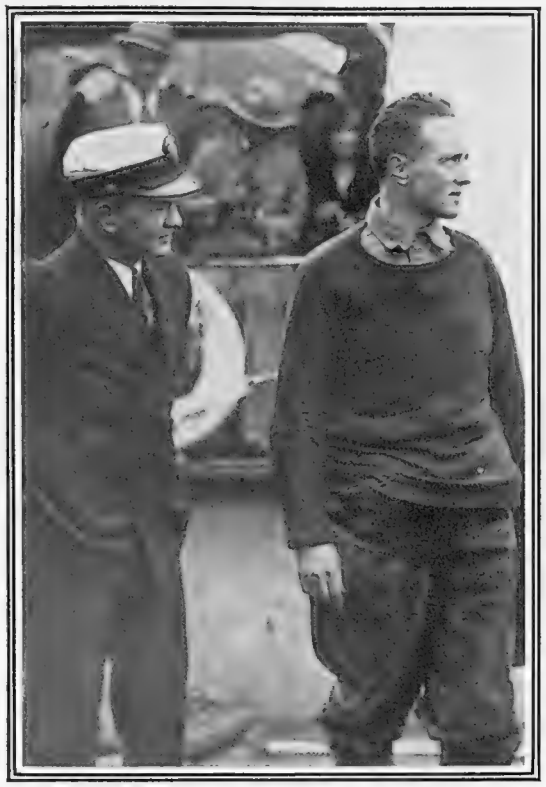
In Udaipur State, purdah, or veiling of the women, is particularly strict; Udaipur is perhaps the most orthodox native State in India, and its overlords hold to the laws of the past. The setting aside of a day once a year in early spring for a special women's festival is, therefore, all the more exceptional. It is the great day for those who all their lives must hide their faces from man other than their husbands, and who are circumscribed by a hundred-and-one restrictive laws. Full use is made of the day on which what may be called the Festival of the Dolls is held. From morning till nightfall, and long after, the women of Udaipur gather in the streets and line the banks of the beautiful lake Pichola, on which stands the magnificent Palace of the Maharana, and in whose waters are reflected the spires of the beautiful pavilions which completely cover the several eyots. Almost every woman carries a doll, some a simple rag affair made at home with loving care, others more elaborate and brilliantly decorated. Early they gather in the ancient narrow streets, but the full effect of the brilliantly garbed throng is not obtained till the crowd has lined the Gangur Ghat and other parts of the lakeside to watch the embarkment of the Maharana in his State barge. It is their only chance during the twelve months to see him at a recognizable distance, for His Highness is of particularly high degree, tracing his ancestry on one side back to the Roman Cæsars. This day alone the Maharana reveals himself in State to the masses of his subjects. Guarded by nobles of high rank, and with officials clearing a way through the closely-packed main street, His Highness makes a procession on a gaily caparisoned elephant through the town and down to the water's edge

THE CIRCUIT COMPLETE: A SCENE OF DREAMLIKE BEAUTY

The Maharana in the State barge, having been rowed round the lake, returns to the Palace and its seclusion. The ceremony, save for the merry-making, is over

NEWS *from all the* WORLD

BACK FROM THE POLE: The *City of New York*, the flagship of the Byrd Expedition, enters Dunedin Harbour, N.Z., carrying Rear-Admiral Byrd and members of his crew back to civilization after two icy years



LEADERS OF THE BYRD EXPEDITION: Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd and Captain Brown of the *Eleanor Bolling* after docking at Dunedin on their return from two years in the Antarctic

THE FIRST PICTURES: Mr. Lee Schoenhair, a crack pilot, hands to Mr. Alexanderson of *The New York Times* the pictures of the Byrd Expedition's return; he "flew" from Panama

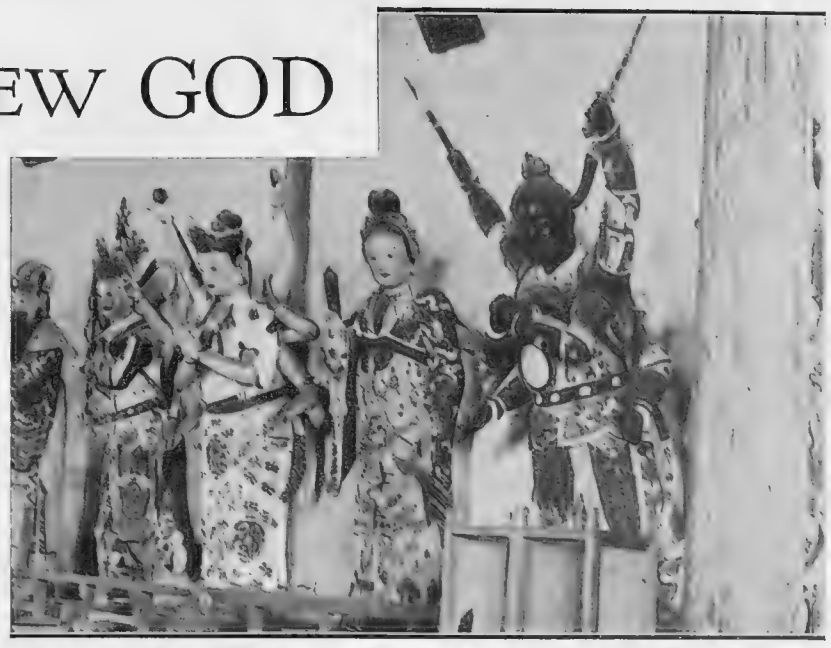
THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND: The new status of Ireland involved the design and creation of a new Great Seal. The King handing the new seal to the Lord Chancellor, demasks the old one by denting it with a mallet. The new design by Mr. Percy Metcalfe has a markedly imperial Byzantine atmosphere in its stiff and symmetrical formalism

THE FINISHING POST: The scene at Mortlake on Saturday when Oxford rowed a race only a degree less magnificent than their rivals. After leading to Hammersmith, the Dark Blue crew was weary and Cambridge spurted to win by a couple of lengths. The stroking and coxing were better than any of recent years. The alleged "cracking" of one member of the losing crew is very questionable. It is undoubted that Cambridge was the more dashing, the more finished, as they were the heavier, eight. *Inset above on left*—OXFORD BALE OUT THEIR BOAT AFTER THE RACE

China Creates a New God

By EDGAR SNOW

China's present rulers are destroying their ancient gods and, through propaganda and terroristic methods that he himself would have condemned, are making a deity of Sun Yat-sen, who died before his dream of a liberated nation could be realized



The Old Have Gone: The gods of Old Cathay no longer receive prayers and incense. A more vital force, the church militant of Sun Yat-sen, has dispossessed them

SHANGHAI.

When the victorious Nationalist Army entered the city of Peking in the spring of 1928 two things had been accomplished. The Middle Kingdom was united under a single Government for the first time since the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty of 1911. And Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Chinese Republic," was established in the hearts of his countrymen as a national hero. In time he was to become a national deity.

In Nanking the Nationalists erected a £600,000 tomb on the gentle slope of Purple Mountain, which overlooks the broad sweep of the mighty Yangtze-kiang. Here they took the body of Sun Yat-sen, upon whom was bestowed the posthumous title of "Chung Shan," or Tranquil Mountain.

In Canton another impressive monument was built in Sun's memory at a cost of £400,000. And at Peking (which the Nationalists have renamed Peiping) the Lama temple where Sun's body has lain while awaiting the completion of the tomb at Nanking was memorialized in honour of the Revolution's greatest martyr. Elsewhere throughout the land fitting memorials were built; libraries, hospitals, and temples were erected in Sun Yat-sen's honour.

His has become a sacred name wherever patriots gather. The homage paid to him is something beyond mere hero-worship such as we accord to giants of Western history. There is a reverent hush about the mention of his name, a kind of superstitious awe not unlike that which accompanied supplications to Shangti and the great Jade Emperor of the Taoist religion.

Even rebellion is now launched in the name of Sun Yat-sen. So deeply impressed upon the people has been the efficacy of the *San Min Chu I* that it is doubtful if any new aspirant to power in China to-day could hope to succeed in giving at least nominal assent to Sun's doctrines. War lords no longer accuse their rivals merely of Communism and corruption in their efforts to instigate new rebellions. The central theme of all rebel manifestos to the people now is contained in the charge that the Government is failing to carry out the "People's Three Principles," or that it is misinterpreting the political concepts of "Shung Shan." Apparent to all is the fact that this name is constantly being used and abused by politicians and militarists who have not the faintest sympathy with the high ethics of the idealist, Sun Yat-sen.

The nation-wide prestige now enjoyed by the deceased leader has become the bulwark of the National Government, which is tightly controlled by the one-party rule of the Kuomintang founded by Sun. Now the Kuomintang avers that it is embarked upon the realization of Sun's plans for a great, prosperous United States of China. His *San Min Chu I*—the "People's Three Principles"—has become the Bible of the Kuomintang officials. Nationalism, Democracy, and Socio-Economy—a brief definition of those "three principles"—have replaced in importance the traditional "Conduct of Life" of Confucius in Government schools.

This is a perilous day for those fierce-eyed, walrus-mustached, evil-grinning gods who have dominated spiritual thought in China for so long. Throughout the land idols are in disrepute. Temple roofs are tumbling down, and the ribbon of joss smoke grows faint and dimmer, and expires before many an archaic altar where incense had burned for centuries. But while the dignity of numerous heretofore Omnipotents has suffered, Sun Yat-sen has been made the victim of mass emotionalism and the only half-suppressed credulity of his people. He is rapidly undergoing an apotheosis.

They have not made images of him, but his portrait hangs from the walls of hundreds of village shrines. For thousands of old-fashioned gods-loving Chinese he has replaced the "Northern Emperor," or *Kwannon* or *Kuan-ti*, or whichever lord of heaven happened to be in high repute in their vicinities. And for the more determined youth he has become the "model man." His picture is prominently displayed in the schools, in the theatres, in the tea-houses. In the text-books his countenance nowadays is more often seen than that of the venerable "Prince of Learning." And in the primers stories of the youth of Mencius, Lao-tse, and Confucius are being crowded out by narratives depicting events in the early life of Sun Yat-sen in Kwangtung and Honolulu.

His photograph, often in flattering enlargements, is seen of course in all the official buildings, and in all officials' residences. It is even painted on the sides of railway cars in the Nationalist colours of blue and white. In the meanest Chinese hot-water shop or the most elaborate silk bazaar one is apt to encounter it. Cigarettes have been named "Chung Shan" and "Chun Li," and bear his likeness. And a splendid painting of this national hero hangs in a conspicuous place on the walls of the State Council Chamber, the meeting-place of China's Cabinet in Nanking, before which the highest officials in the land make obeisance before discussing the solemn affairs of State.

Every Monday morning memorial services are held in all institutions under Government control throughout China for Sun Yat-sen. I have been present at a number of such meetings. The first procedure is the undraping of Sun's portrait. Before this all assembled make three bows—not to the ground, as was the requirement of one who wished to address the Son of Heaven, but short bows, from respect and from the hips. A national song is then sung. Someone gives a talk, the moral of which is an excerpt from the life of Sun Yat-sen or an exhibition of one of his teachings.

At these gatherings in Nanking, where important members of the Kuomintang are in attendance, patriotic speeches for national consumption are often delivered. Comment on current affairs is offered by dignitaries of the ruling party. If there is a critical situation facing the Government an explanation of the attitude to be followed is made, and justified by quoting from the *San Min Chu I*.

The mention of the Sun's name in connection with measures projected by the Government assures their approval by the people. If it can be established that the "late party leader," as Sun is piously referred to, favoured the development of this or that industry it wins ready sponsors.

China's New God: The funeral cortège of Sun Yat-sen, decorated with symbolic trophies, makes its way to Purple Mountain. The greatest symbolism is unconscious: the car is a motor-hearse

Few can be found who are willing to go on record publicly as animadvertants of the *San Min Chu I*, or of any opinion, however illogical, ever voiced by the godhead of the Kuomintang. Those who are so foolish or fearless as to point out the fallacies of some of Sun's unsound economic ideas are promptly silenced. Not a few editors who have done so have been given opportunity to repent their recalcitrance in a Government gaol. Less fortunate ones have been despatched to what, let us hope, is a more tolerant world.

At least a dozen editors in South China, that hotbed of revolutionism, have been punished for their sins against the "late leader." Recently four journalists in Wuchow, the principal port of Kwang-si, were put to death for defying the Central Government and ridiculing the mass hysteria that is making a deity of Sun Yat-sen. Every independent vernacular paper in North China has been warned against "sacrilegious references" to any of the principles of "Sun Yat-senism." Eight journals in Peiping have been banned from the mails. Two editors there are known to have been executed and it is reported that others, who ostensibly were imprisoned, have suffered like fates.

The guardians of "Sun Yat-sen-ism" as at Nanking have not confined their suppression of heretical utterances to the Chinese. A number of foreign newspapers have been barred from the mails under various pretexts. Prominent among them was *The North China Daily News*.

This British journal, which is branded by the Kuomintang as an arch-exponent of "die-hardism," "Imperialism," "foreign aggression," and various other unsavoury synonyms, is published in the International Settlement of Shanghai, which is of course still under foreign administration. For long this paper has earned disapproving notice from the National Government. Representing, as it does, that sector of foreign opinion which has large capitalistic interests in China, it is much opposed to the Kuomintang's aspirations for the abolition of extra-territoriality. Consequently it has consistently questioned the stability of the Chinese Government, and it twice has been excluded from the mails outside the Settlement.

The deification of Sun Yat-sen has been accomplished by clever and skilful propaganda. It began with the Nationalists' northern drive in 1926. Prior to that time Sun's personal magnetism had captured the imagination and won the respect and support of thousands. But it was only after his death, when the necessity for advancing something concrete as a faith for the Chinese masses arose that the Nationalists, under Russian advisers, began the well-organized exploitation of Sun's personality.

The Russians, who had faced a somewhat similar problem in their own land, had discovered that they could not destroy such symbols of public credulity as the Iberian Virgin without offering a suitable substitute. So they had given the people Lenin in place of their incense, their rosaries, their superstitions. And to the Chinese they presented the Perfect Patriot—Sun Yat-sen.

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT: A general view of Aidiyaman, 97 plus per cent. of whose population is blind with trachoma

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

A CITY OF THE BLIND.—Tragic revelations of a "City of Dreadful Night," peopled for generations by sightless human beings, follow the incursion of Turkey's new civilization into the isolated region of Hisnimansour in Anatolia. This is a discovery reported from Angora.

The town of Aidiyaman, sun-scorched under the dazzling eastern sky, lies shadowed in eternal darkness. Of the 7,000 inhabitants 6,791 are wholly or partially blind.

One of those few existing mysterious corners of the world forgotten by time, overlooked by progress, Adiyaman gradually succumbed to the spread of trachoma, until practically every man, woman, and child was inevitably doomed to the heritage of blindness. Strict Moslems, the mosque is filled five times a day for prayer. Sightless eyes turn heavenwards in supplication. Even the most devout or fanatical of these afflicted sons of Islam allows his womenfolk to go freely unveiled. Disease provides the veil, hiding neighbour from neighbour, mother from son, daughter from father and brothers, wife from husband. No street lights are needed in this blind world, who grope their lives through everlasting night.

The Turkish Government is taking urgent and vigorous measures, not in Adiyaman alone, but also in forty-eight other villages in Hisnimansour. It is announced that already £25,000 has been spent on treatment for 155,144 trachoma patients.

LENIN—A MEMORY.—True history is an epitomized record of all human emotions, urges, impulses, traits, and—tempers. It is an endless chain of human thought, aspiration, ambition, action, and reaction. Of human mistakes no less than achievements.

Where it records conflicts between nations or peoples, impartial history is rare. History is about humanity, made by mankind, written by humans. History that comes from "archives" and "documents" often furnishes but half the picture, because it omits, wholly or in part, the psychological human elements, background and surroundings, mental and emotional action and reaction, which produced those archives and documents.

I was again strongly impressed by that thought the other day, when I heard first-hand the story of the sending of Lenin to Russia by the Germans as a "war measure" during the world conflict.

Sitting next to me at dinner was one of the two men who "sealed up" Lenin and twenty-one of his revolutionary followers in a railway coach at Lorrach on the German-Swiss border near Basel. My dinner-partner was born in Germany, taken as a very small boy to America by his father, and became an American citizen. Later he settled in Paris, studied art, was Whistler's last pupil. The French confiscated his property as "German." The Germans sequestrated his property in Berlin as "American." He went to Switzerland, associated himself with a German journalist who was in close contact with the German Legation at Berne, and who, I believe, still lives in Geneva.

The idea of slipping Lenin into Russia to bring about a revolution behind the Russian front was not conceived by General Erich Ludendorff, to whom it is often credited.

It was submitted to that all-powerful military genius, and approved by him. The idea originated in the German Legation at Berne. Dr. Nivenger, a Russian from Vilna, played a rôle in bringing Lenin into touch with the German Legation.

When the plan had been worked out, my dinner partner and the German journalist saw to it that Lenin and his party crossed the German-Swiss border and were put on the German railroad headed for Russia.

"We did not have the faintest dreams of the historic consequences or the world-wide reverberations for years to come from that act, when we sealed the doors and windows of the railway coach containing Lenin and his twenty-one revolutionaries on that fateful day in Lorrach," he told me, and continued: "Lenin remarked, 'In three weeks I'll be sleeping in the Tsar's Palace in St. Petersburg.' He fulfilled his own prophecy. When all were aboard, and the sealing finished, my friend remarked: 'Now we have put a louse in the Bear's pelt.'"

My table partner spoke perfect English as he did French. He was reluctant about revealing whose brain conceived the idea that has made so much trouble since for the capitalistic world.

PEAKS AND ANTHROPOIDS.—The "summit" of the British Empire—the peak of 19,712 ft. high Kilimanjaro in Africa, which now bears the name "Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze," will soon be rechristened "Prince Edward's Point," if Mr. F. Ratcliffe Holmes, the famous African traveller, has his way, and if the Prince of Wales gives his consent.

Mr. Ratcliffe Holmes is the noted jungle photographer, author of *Interviewing Wild Animals* and numerous other works. He has been telling me of his plans to leave for this "mountain of mystery," as Kilimanjaro is known. A German missionary explorer claims to have been the first to ascend this peak. His discovery was met with incredulity at the time. Although several Englishmen have subsequently reached the summit, it has never been officially re-named in honour of Britain.

"I mean to film the top of that mountain," Mr. Holmes announced to me. "It is the highest point of the British Empire. I do not count Mount Everest, which is not entirely within British boundaries. Not only to film it," he added, "but to rechristen the 'Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze' as 'Prince Edward's Point' if the Prince of Wales gives me his permission."

Mr. Holmes remarked that the tremendous mountain would provide just about the right-sized monument of appreciation for all that the Prince has done, and is still doing, in Empire interests.

To live the primitive life of a "Tarzan" in order to penetrate and record the mysteries of the family life of the gorilla is the chief objective of Mr. Ratcliffe Holmes' impending expedition. He assured me that the habits of the gorilla remain a mystery to this day, even to such authorities as Mr. Tracey Phillips.

"No film has ever been made of gorillas. All other animals have been filmed. The only pictures of gorillas I have seen show dead ones. There is no telling to what extent science may be enlightened by such a record. It might even prove or disprove the Darwin theory," Mr. Holmes declared ambitiously.

He told me that he is prepared to live for months on end in the most primitive conditions conceivable—to be a real "Tarzan" in the bamboo forests, at an altitude of 10,000 ft. or more, where the steep and broken ground is favoured by gorillas. They are believed to live mainly upon the young bamboo shoots. "Gorillas are *known* to be comparatively harmless" according to this explorer.

Since 1924 gorillas have been included amongst the "completely protected" species. No gorilla may be killed. The total number in the whole gorilla area is probably from 500 to 600.

MR. HEARST—HIS POWER.—From his magnificent Spanish cathedral-like palace, crowning a height in his thirty-mile-long Californian estate, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, America's "newspaper king," took a hard drive at our Prime Minister. It was the one sensation of the Naval Conference which for weeks has bored the world to yawns.

Why denounce Mr. MacDonald because he is a better diplomatic player in the great naval poker game than the Americans?

We, in England, are by no means all as convinced of that as Mr. Hearst seems to be. All Scotsmen are not necessarily "canny." Moreover, whose game is our Prime Minister expected to play?

Is it not the weakness of American diplomacy, torn between aloofness of isolated independence and the desire to Americanize, reform, and run the world rather than the Machiavelism of European-statecraft, that the American publisher should turn upon?

If size, population, wealth, enterprise, spirit, geographical location can make for a strong diplomacy, then American statecraft should be the strongest in the world. And fear none. Instead, it seems to be full of inhibitions, lacks self-confidence, is affected by what would seem to be an "inferiority complex" in all international affairs unconnected with trade.

Implication that Mr. MacDonald engaged in pacifistic propaganda in America is scarcely fair to him. It was the persuasive powers of an American, Mr. William Hard, I believe, which induced the Prime Minister to broadcast to the United States. Voices questioning the advisability of that, at the outset of the Conference, were not only American. But—Americans requested it. Other delegation chiefs followed suit. If it was "propaganda," then America asked to be "propagandized."

A LAND OF MOBS: A moment in mid-New York showing the exodus on Saturday afternoon. It is to such throngs as these that the mass-psychology of the Hearst Press appeals

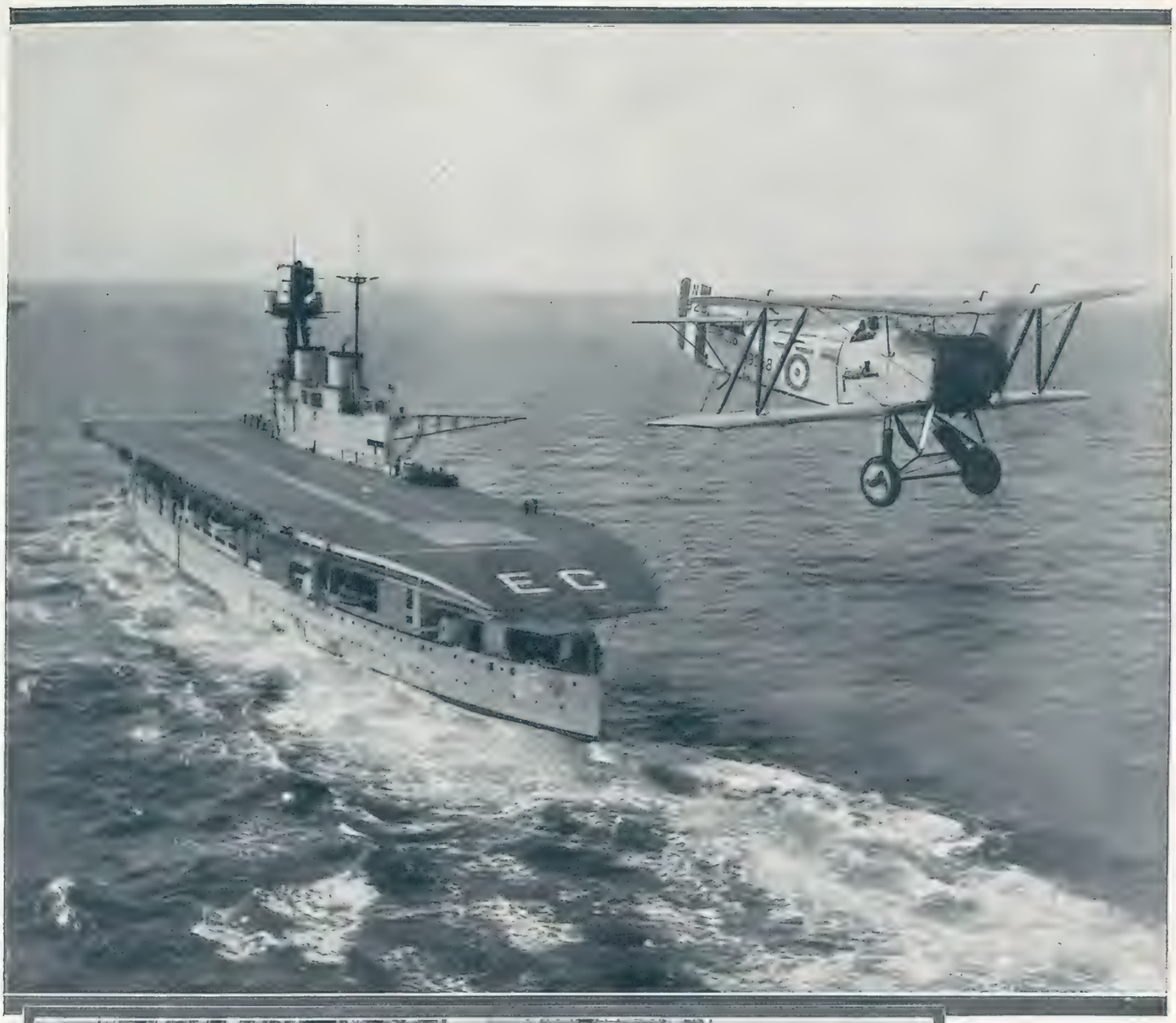
No Press in the world throws open its columns wider to what might be termed "foreign propaganda" than the American Press. No newspapers are fairer to giving all sides than those owned by Mr. Hearst. For, has he not on his staff, Mr. Lloyd George, Dictator Benito Mussolini, ex-Premier Herriot, German ex-Chancellor Marx. Obviously each one of these nationals puts forward the angle and views of his country on international topics as he sees them.

In London we saw little of that close relationship, frankness, and openness between American statesmen and diplomatists and American journalists, which we hear is so much the rule in America itself. The "open diplomacy" of the Americans was as buttoned-up and secret as that of the best—or worst—European "secret diplomatists" at the Conference.

An American journalist is credited with claiming for himself responsibility and the glory of having brought Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover together, and for the resultant Naval Conference.

When I have been told that Mr. Hearst, with metropolitan newspapers in a score of cities and millions of readers, "counts for nothing and "has no influence," I say that it is improbable. It is contrary to the laws of psychology and mass suggestion.

The NAVY in ACTUALITY and on the FILM.



THE EYES OF THE NAVY: A striking picture showing something never seen before—a fighting machine at the moment of leaving the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle*. The squadrons of machines borne in these aircraft-carriers include reconnaissance aeroplanes which direct gun-fire; the 'planes which carry aerial torpedoes; the scouts that concentrate on submarine-spotting; and the fast fighting-craft that attract the "eyes" of the enemy. A feature of the aircraft-carrier is the smooth structure above decks which admits of the 'planes taking off from and landing on the "mother of the fighting chicks"

TO THE RESCUE OF A SUNKEN SUBMARINE: One of the thrilling scenes from "Men Without Women," the striking Fox all-male talkie which deals with life in an undersea vessel. The plot is concerned with the reactions of various seamen in danger of death, while a counterplot is provided by the fact that one of the sailors on board was with Lord Kitchener at his death. The realism of the production and the suspense as to whether the rescue can be effected in time renders the film outstanding

THE ENTRANCE OF THE ELECT: This view is chiefly of interest in showing the archway through the curtain wall in rear of the great Arch—the non-public end—through which the elect gained entrance. The "dummy" nature of the ornamented wing-walls is more appreciated from the rear than from the front

The Building of the Arch by King Chosroes in 550 A.D.

Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander the Great's cavalry generals in the conquest of Persia and the East, inherited the western, or Babylonian, portion of the conquests after his master's death, and founded his capital, Seleucia, on the Tigris, at a spot not far from the site of modern Bagdad, where it soon became the most populous city of Western Asia. The Parthian Arsacids, invading the country in 129 B.C., avoided Seleucia owing to their fear of disturbing the commerce on which its wealth and that of the surrounding country depended, and built themselves a new capital at Ctesiphon, some fifteen miles away on the opposite bank of the river. From this time forward Ctesiphon increased in size, and many splendid buildings arose, including the now world-famous Arch, part of a palace built by the Sassanian King Chosroes I, in 550 A.D. The decay of the town commenced when it was taken and plundered by the invading Arabs in 637 A.D.; till now nothing but a heap of mounds marks what was once an extensive city, from the midst of which still springs the ruined remains of the palace. It is called to this day the Takht-i-Khosrau, or Throne of Chosroes.

RIVEN BY Th
cracks in the so
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THE PERIL: A closer view of the scoured lower courses shows the reason for the dangerous "overhang" of the surviving wing-walt. And although its collapse may be expected in the next earthquake of any considerable intensity and well within our lifetime, its fall will not involve that of the main Arch, which is already separated from it by two well-marked fissures

Its original conception seems to have been that of a single great chamber, probably an open court of justice, often and fancifully described as a banqueting hall. The outward thrust of the great mass necessitated the building of a series of five cleverly designed long halls on either side, acting as hollow buttresses to the main structure. To hide these, elaborately constructed wing-walls were thrown out on either side.

CRUMBLING TO RUIN: The Present State of the Wonder Arch of the East

A SASSANIAN MONUMENT: Distance gives an even better idea of what the original structure must have been like—and imagination supplies the missing wing-wall. It must, however, be remembered that the whole, when first erected, rose above a sea of close-packed two-storeyed buildings in the foreground, and not from the flat plain which to-day adds such impressiveness to the solitary survival of the past

EARTH: The effects of earthquakes in colossal brickwork, and the scouring action of the wind-power courses, are ample evidence of the causes about the collapse of parts of the Arch and of the The double crack, apparently suspending a mass of ween, marks the spot where one-third of the main Arch collapsed in modern times

In certain details, notably in the arches below, Roman features seem to have been copied, while the reckless employment of blank arcades which cover the surface, and are separated by semicircular shafts, are seen repeated in the Palace of Ukhaidir, These Roman features, undoubtedly copied by the Sassanian architects, have given colour to the statement, often repeated, of a Roman origin to the Ctesiphon Hall.

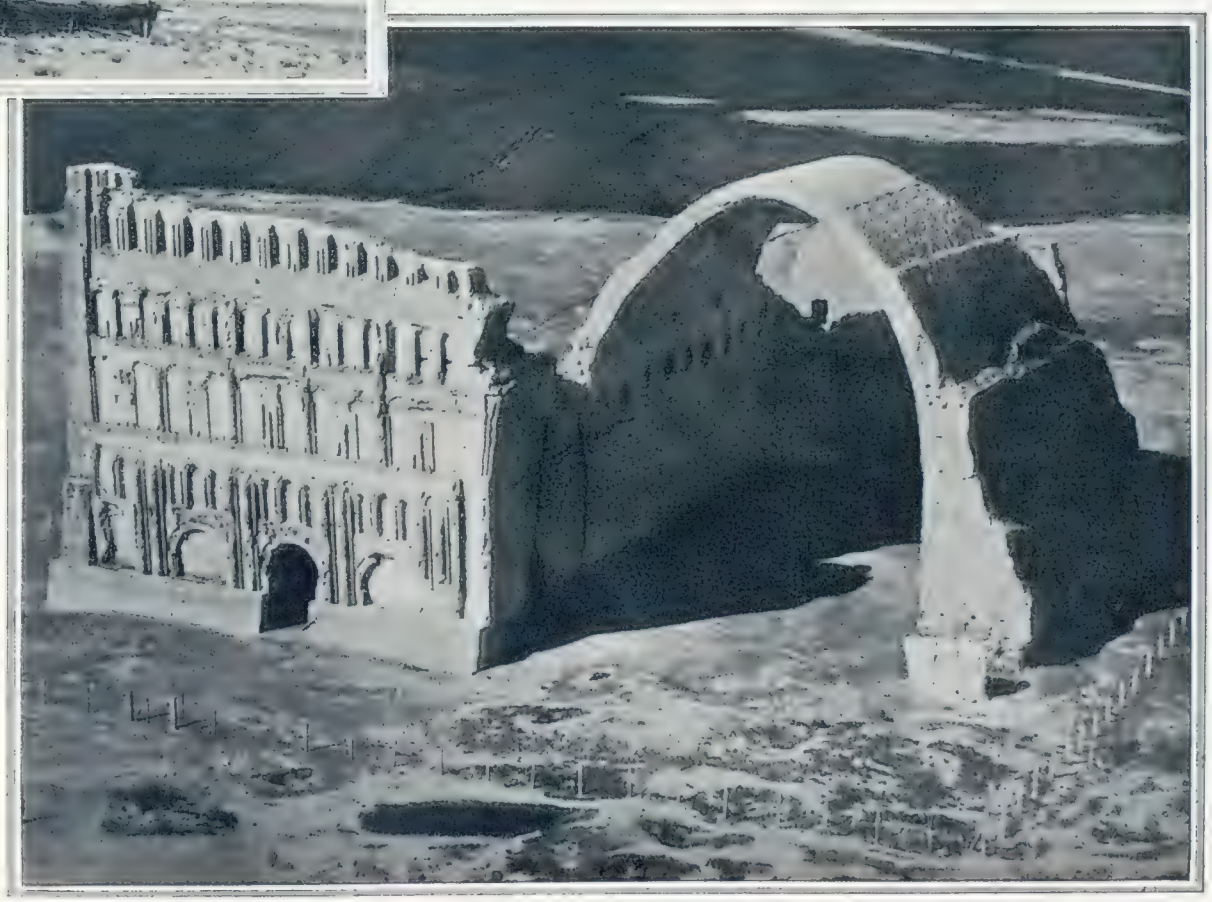
Incredible though it may seem, the Arch was erected without any centring support whatever—the "buttress" structures being built and carried upwards from a thickness of 23 ft. at the base to a vertical height of 26 ft., and then with an inward leaning of 10 deg. for a further 14 ft. before the springing of the vault commences. The vault itself is composed of broad burnt bricks similar to those of the buttressing but laid on *flat* instead of, as usually, at right angles to the face. The tenacious quality of the cement-like mortar used permitted this flat use of large tile-bricks, in the absence of any supporting timberwork, till they joined in an ellipse and formed the crown.

The Front Always Open, Without Any Door

The process was repeated until, by course after course of laid-on bricks, the barrel of the vault had attained a thickness of 5 ft. throughout; on to this was then placed an outer shell of tile-bricks of normal arch construction, at right angles to the face, until a further 4 ft. of thickness had been attained, the whole arch roofing thereupon attaining a thickness of 9 ft., and measuring a clear 95 ft. from the ground. The width of the immense portal is 83 ft., and, as we have noted, was from the very first open to the front with nothing whatever to prevent free ingress and egress. This feature will be recognized on a smaller scale in the Basilica of Constantine in the Roman Forum—a hall of justice open to the world and equally free from the imputation of having been a banqueting hall.

The length of the hall can still be measured, on its one undamaged side, as 163 ft. The width of the entire main front, with its ornamented wing-walls, was 312 ft. Under the combined influence of the scouring of the foundations by the incessant whirl of desert sand, and by the effects of earthquakes, only one of the wing-walls remains standing; and this already has an alarming forward tilt, while one-third of the immense vault has collapsed within recent times. The remaining vaulted portion, however, being free from the cracks which are elsewhere visible, may be expected to survive for many years.

Although the structure formed an unsurpassed observation post over the surrounding dead-flat land, its use was avoided by both sides during the battle between General Townshend and the Turks in the abortive attempt on Bagdad, which took place in the neighbourhood, wherein the Turk showed himself to be a gentleman. In similar circumstances the Germans, within artillery range of Rheims Cathedral, certainly did not.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ARCH OF CTESIPHON: A structure remarkable even more for the details of its construction than for its impressive appearance. One wing-wall and two-thirds of the vault only survive the ravages of the centuries. The Arch is now protected by a wire fence

TO FEED THE ESKIMO: *A Canadian Government Project*

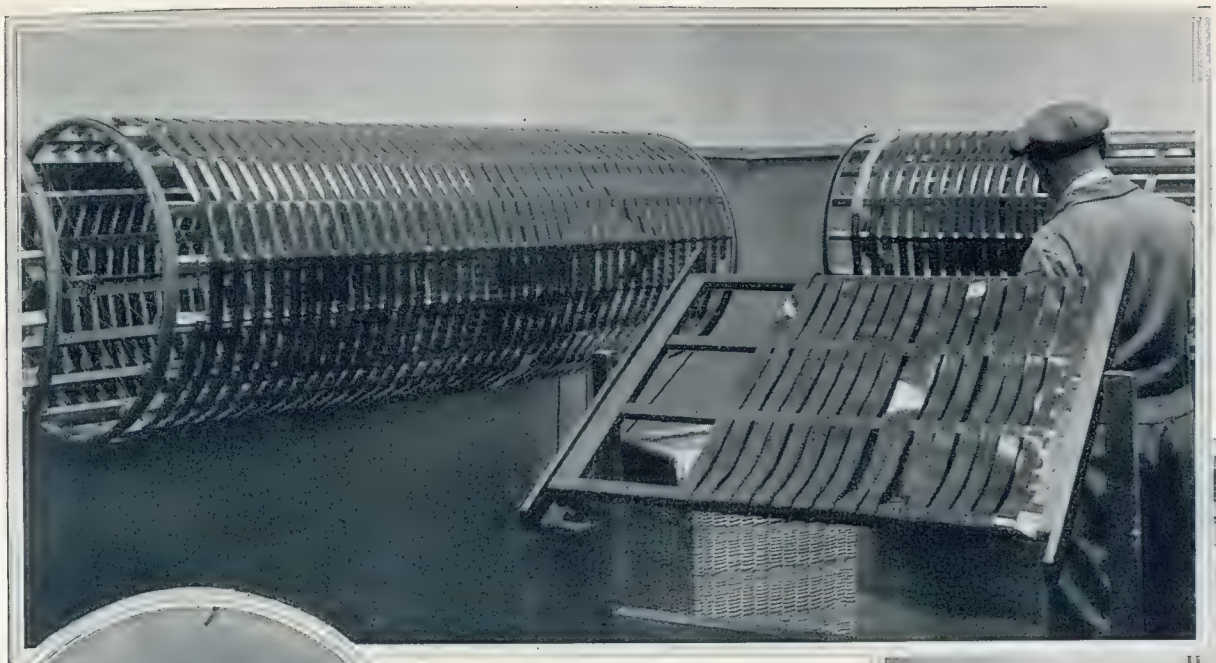
NAKED IN THE FROZEN NORTH: An Eskimo mother, in the course of constructing an igloo with a wooden shovel. The baby is completely nude in the pouch. It draws its warmth from the mother's body. Captain McClintock, seeking relics of Franklin's expedition, presented a needle to an Eskimo woman; she immediately held out her naked baby, imploring him to give the baby a needle! The place was not far from the Magnetic Pole; the temperature 40 deg. below zero

"RUNNING REPAIRS: An Arctic traveller tends the leader of his dog team which has suffered an injury to his paw. *Below*—THE ICY TRAIL: An Eskimo family on trek. The dogs were reduced to one

FOOD FOR THE ESKIMO: The Dominion Government has bought 3,000 reindeer from Alaskan herds, and with them will stock the Western Canadian Arctic in order to provide a food supply for the Eskimo there. The animals will be purchased at a delivered price and the American owners will be responsible for driving them over a 1,500-mile trek north from Kotzebue Sound on Behring Straits, and then eastward to the territory east of Aklavik on the Mackenzie River. The trek will be unprecedented, for never before have such huge herds of semi-wild animals been driven such a distance. Behind the scheme is a desire to supply the Eskimo with a natural food. For some years the situation has been growing steadily worse for the natives. Wolves have pulled the caribou down and these animals have become more scarce. The reindeer is more hardy and it is probable that the Eskimo will not only have a food supply, but will have beasts of burden to supplement the dog teams

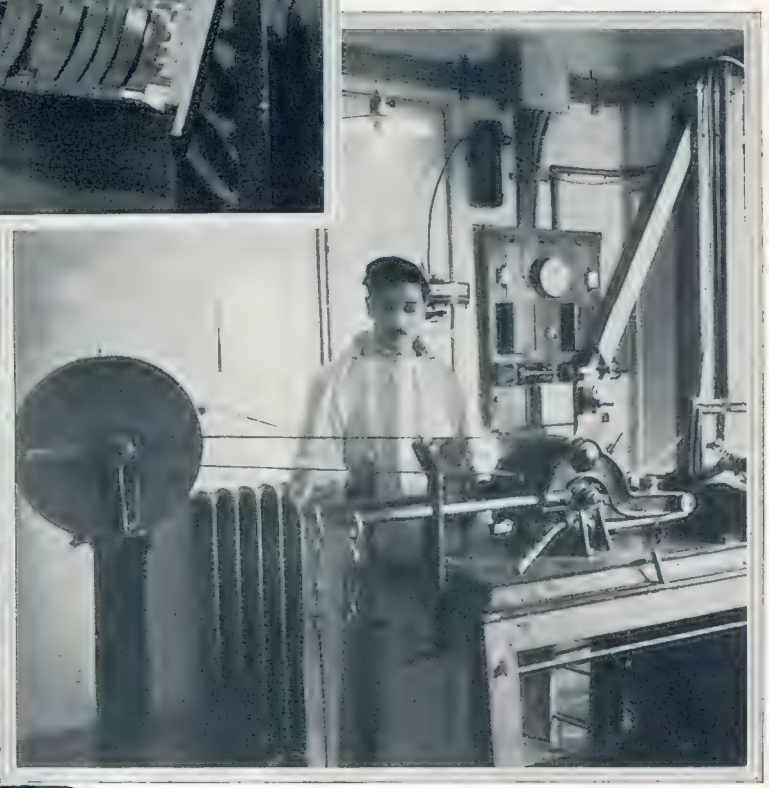
The Making of a COLOUR FILM

A New Process now being Perfected near Paris Specially Illustrated



THE DRYING DRUMS: The new process permits of any black and white picture being transformed into colour very rapidly

AFTER GROOVING: The ordinary film is subjected to the imposition of "gaufres." Enlarged four hundred and eighty times



MAKING THE COLOUR FILM: The grooving machine. The film is run between cylinders, one of steel and one of compressed rubber. The process takes place at a given temperature and in total darkness. On left—Turning the picture from negative to positive

Monsieur Averan is not an inventor, but he has brought to perfection and to commercial possibilities the inventions of another Frenchman, Monsieur Kellar-Dorian, who died a few years ago, before the problem of cinema colour-photography could be thoroughly solved.

The novelty of the process, he explains, is that it enables any ordinary film to be made ready for the reception of daylight through a coloured filter which allows each particle of colour to reach only a diminutive portion of the film. An ordinary cinema film is put through a highly accurate machine whose temperature is kept at a constant specified degree. The film passes through two cylinders (one of steel and one of rubber), which impress upon its emulsion side a multitude of invisible incisions (called *gauffres*), similar to those on gramophone records. When the film comes out of this machine its emulsion side is no longer smooth but engraved like a record. These multitudes of incisions (there are over 20,000 to the square inch) can only be seen by the microscope but they are so designed that they form an almost invisible net over the film. Each square of the net is ready to take a separate colour. When the film is so ready it is covered with a highly sensitive panchromatic emulsion which renders it capable of registering different impressions for each different colour or combination of colours.

A "light filter" is then introduced into an ordinary lens of the usual camera. This "filter" is made with the three basic colours, red, blue, and yellow. At this stage the film is ready for exposure. The camera-man then works in the usual manner, but as the lens is screened by the coloured filter, the only colours which reach the emulsion are those allowed to pass by the filter, each of them according to its own intensity.

The film so produced becomes an ordinary black and white negative, but by the usual process of reversion (through washing in permanganate) the negative turns into a positive, which has still all the appearance of an ordinary film. If, however, this film is projected by a projecting machine on which a coloured filter has been applied, the light of the arc lamp will become coloured by passing through the filter and they will reproduce exactly the same colours as those which the camera has seized through the first filter.

TESTING THE LIGHT-FILTERS: The spectro-photometer, an instrument which, in addition to fulfilling the function of testing the light-filters, also proves the constancy of the intensity of the colours

PRINTING: This process is effected by projecting the first copy against an unexposed film. The positive is used for projecting. The resultant negative is reversed in permanganate

PORTRAITS in OIL and VINEGAR—II

Shaw, O'Casey, Barrie, and Coward

By SHAW DESMOND

The second of Mr. Shaw Desmond's series of brilliant pen portraits is concerned with the world of letters. In the first article Dictators were considered; in the next the subject will be poiltics, in which the vinegar is more perceptible in the dressing than the oil

Nobody knows anything about George Bernard Shaw—including Shaw himself.

The world knows nothing about him because he stands outside the world. He knows nothing about himself because he lives in a world of his own.

To know yourself, you must stand outside yourself.

I have watched the great Irishman for over twenty years, and his repercussions upon the English, American, and Continental worlds. I have read all his prefaces and seen all his plays. And I have reached certain conclusions about the man behind the mask that is G. B. S.

First of all, I believe that every one of Shaw's plays was worth putting on. And I also believe that he has literally no sense of the theatre. I believe that his men and women are as unbelievable and as interesting as living robots would be did they come to life. And I believe that in their words, though not in themselves, we can all of us, as in a distorting mirror, see ourselves. I believe that only Ireland could have produced Shaw. And I believe that he is the most un-Irish thing that ever came out of that unhappy, doomed land.

But to the above I make one exception. *Saint Joan.*

It was with *Saint Joan* that G. B. S. as dramatist, I do not say as writer, for the first time broke into sheer artistry, just as it was with a woman whom he could never understand, and in the reality of whose "voices" he does not believe, he first brought his figures to the point of not only dialectical rushing about, but also rushing into life—and Shaw was always philosopher rather than artist.

For Shaw has done the best work of his life at seventy. And despite *The Apple Cart*, a very dreadful example of a Shavian *réchauffé*, of an earlier and brilliant period, which *reads*, not *acts*, like a Fabian supertract of the 'nineties, he will yet give the world his best.

He is the youngest old man in the world.

He has taught the world of his day to think.

Not through his artistry, for artist, save in his immortal prefaces, he was not until *Saint Joan*. Not through his socialism, for Socialist, in any sense that I understand the word, and as apart from his collectivism, he certainly is not. And not through his comedy, for Shaw is phantasist, not comedian!

It is only when you read or see his earlier plays as *phantasy*, that they mean something to you, that you see his characters as often caricatures. And I defy anybody to remember half-a-dozen characters in any of those earlier plays as living, palpitating people. Shaw couldn't do it himself!

Shaw's Achillean heel as artist is his ethics. For he is as "ethical" as a meeting of the Fabian Society of which he is so enthusiastic a member. And all ethics sterilize.

That is why Shaw knows nothing about romance. That is why his idea of love in his plays leaves one not only cold but chilly.

This Norman-Scandinavian, Anglo-Irishman is probably the second most desperately sincere man on the planet. He is always in deadly earnest, especially when he is laughing, and his laughter is but the Irishman's armour against the Sassenach's "pachydermatry." And though I believe he has made many mistakes about people and things, and sometimes, unknowingly, been unjust, he has never turned his back upon any foe, and he has never fleshed the steel of his pen save in good cause . . . or hardly ever!

Of how many can we say as much!

Of our fellow countryman, Sean O'Casey, probably less is known than of any other distinguished dramatist living.

My first meeting with Sean O'Casey was in Dublin during "the troubles," when I was collecting the data for my "Drama of Sinn Fein," at a time when I met Irishmen whose names were world-names, such as Michael Collins and Arthur Griffiths, and an Irishman, then almost unknown, Sean (John) O'Casey.

This young Irishman, who gave me very generous assistance out of a nature which fundamentally is capable of deep love and probably as deep hate, was at that time living in a room in the North Circular Road. It was a room out of Balzac, its inhabitant a figure of the great Frenchman's novels.

I can see now the big bare room with the bed in one corner, the fireplace with its "hob" and rough deal table and chairs, and in the corner, wondrous to behold, a smashing new Underwood typewriter.

O'Casey is a child of luck and genius—for he has both—and "genius" is a word most misused in this country, for it is one of the rarest of all phenomena. But he did not always have luck.

For years this builder's labourer, of whom I wrote at the time in my book that he was "a bricklayer by necessity but a poet by the grace of God," had been slogging away at his writing, not only drama but verse. Success for years seemed to elude him. But at last he had a play put on at the Abbey Theatre, and the rest is the history of our day.

Luck, extraordinary luck, this Irishman had to interest the great world first of all in Ireland, of which it was then heartily sick, and after that in that tiny and little-known portion of Ireland which I have studied at first hand, and which O'Casey knows as no one else, the Dublin tenement.

The chances were hundreds to one against any play, however brilliant, treating of a Dublin tenement getting through to the ear of the great crazy public, but the odd chance came off. Once in a while the great god Chance touches a man on the shoulder to pick him from the crowd. O'Casey was one of those men.

Sean O'Casey, the world says, will never be able to write plays outside his special *genre*—that is, of the Dublin tenement. I don't believe it. His *Silver Tassie*, though not a great success at the box office, showed in its second act potentialities which some day will find themselves translated into accomplishment.

O'Casey, like all genius, has his bare spots. He can be very sentimental, even though he comes from the world's least sentimental, though most emotional, race. He can, in my view at least, show in a play like the one last mentioned strange variations of quality. He can—an asset this—be bitter as only an Irishman can be bitter, unforgivable if you will, in his plays. But underneath all his sceptic harshness there beats a heart full of tenderness, and, it seems to me, understanding, if he only dare let it.

The antithesis of O'Casey is to be found in the two men who follow—themselves polaric to each other—Sir James Barrie and Noel Coward. Let me take the last first.

Noel Coward, as in *Sirocco* for example, has a superficial brilliance. He depends for his effects, not upon philosophy as do Shaw and O'Casey, but upon the play of word and the interplay of transitory emotions. He is "of his day." And I believe that will mean that before the lapse of many years he will "date."

He has "technique," whatever that may be—for nobody really knows anything about stage technique. He has a versatility that is rare, being actor and playwright and revue writer in one. He has the flowing tide with him. But he has not the only thing that lends permanence to art—that is philosophy.

It is philosophy which will make Barrie, like Shaw and perhaps O'Casey, endure.

I often meet a little man, his head a wee bit on one side, his eyes haunted, pathetic (I use the word in its deeper sense), who walks about the Strand or a little farther west. I do not know why we meet so often but we do.

He looks at me. I look at him. And I want sometimes very very much to go up to him and to take him by the hand and to say to him, "I wish to thank you, James Barrie, for everything, but over all else for *Mary Rose*, which if alone you had written, would make you free of heaven."

I have never spoken a word to Barrie. But I am going to venture upon analysis.

Barrie is unhappy. He looks wistfully at life. He wonders what it is all about. And, though he gave to the world a Peter Pan—one of his less-wonderful creations—I will wager my head that he does not believe in fairies. . . . though he wants to most awfully!

Again I don't know, but I see the essential James Barrie as a gentle, beautiful sceptic wandering in a shadow-world where nothing is real—not even himself.

Barrie can take us into "faerie" but he can never enter himself. He can haunt us with his "Mary Rose," but ghosts flee from his metaphysics. He can make us laugh—but I sometimes wonder whether he can make himself laugh.

Somehow in my portrait of James Barrie, I can use the oil but must leave out the vinegar—for, like thousands of others, I love him!

MYSTERIES of EASTER

The Sindone of Turin: The Blood of St. Gennaro: Holy Week in Seville

SEEN BY THE NAKED EYE: The face of Christ on the Sindone—Taken in 1898

SEEN THROUGH THE PHOTOGRAPHIC LENS: The picture taken by Sanna Solaro

The marriage of Prince Humbert of Piedmont, heir to the throne of Italy, to Princess Marie José of Belgium, which took place in Rome on January 8, was made the occasion of a very interesting religious ceremony in the Cathedral of Turin. On very rare occasions—the visit of a pope or king to the Cathedral, a marriage ceremony or other exceptional event concerning the House of Savoy—the Sacred Sindone is exhibited to the public. So also in the recent marriage of the Prince this centuries-old relic was displayed. Owing to the antiquity and the great historical and religious importance of this relic it is strange that very few people know of its existence. The Sacred Sindone is believed to be the sheet or shroud in which Christ was wrapped after having been taken down from the Cross. It is a private possession of the House of Savoy, and is preserved and venerated in St. John's Cathedral in Turin. It owes its name of Sindone from Sidon, the Phœnician city where special cloth was made all of one piece for the burial of the dead. Various scientific, historic, and religious questions are connected with the Sacred Sindone. The first and all-important argument is the historical one. St. Helen, the mother of Constantine, accompanied by Pope Silvestrus I, went to Jerusalem in order to gather the greatest possible number of relics, not only of the life and passion of Christ but also of His Holy Mother, of the Apostles, and of the Prophets. When the relics were found they were sent to the capital, Byzantium.

The Christians have always taken the utmost care in preserving the sacred relics, but when the Persians invaded and sacked Jerusalem in 614 A.D., they appropriated all the precious objects which they found and burnt and destroyed the temples. The Sindone, however, was not stolen by them as it had been taken personally to Constantinople by St. Helen and deposited in a Palatine chapel in the monastery of St. Maria of Claquernes. The Sindone

(Continued on p. 142)

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE: Cowled monks with staves attended by acolytes carry out the Catholic tradition of impressive spectacle. *Inset above in centre*—THE SAINT OF THE BOILING BLOOD: The bust of St. Gennaro (St. Januarius) in the Cappella del Tessora (Treasure Chapel), Naples. The 1700-year-old blood of the martyr slain by Diocletian liquefies three times a year—in May for a week; in September for a week; in December sporadically. Science is unable to explain the liquefaction, but the Church does not lay stress on the occurrence as a "miracle," but regards it officially as a hitherto unexplained phenomenon. The occasions of the liquefaction present an amazing spectacle—the Neapolitan congregation adjuring the saint in familiar terms to effect the "miracle" rapidly. Each delay is provocative of blasphemous ejaculations. The only years in which the blood did not liquefy were productive of tragedies in Naples

"RESURRECTION": *A somewhat Spencerian treatment reminiscent of a gigantic canvas seen in London in 1927*

A PAINTER OF DREAMS.

The Imaginative Art of **Jean Viollier**

By R. H. WILENSKI

Six months ago I went to see an artist friend who lives in a farm-house in Sussex. At luncheon in the old dining-room with red-paved floor and oak beams overhead, I sat facing the most curious picture. It represented—or perhaps I should say it presented—a forest scene painted with great skill; on the ground there was a giant female head held by the throat with a pair of pincers; above the head there was a chrome and scarlet flame; and facing the head, standing on the ground, there was an eagle in a statuesque and majestic pose. There was something at once fascinating and most disquieting about this picture. I asked my host for an explanation. He told me that the artist was Jean Viollier, a young Frenchman; that the picture was called "Dialogue in the Forest," and that Viollier was regarded in Paris as one of the most gifted and remarkable of the younger men.

Since then I have been to Paris and seen a number of Viollier's works, some of which—including those reproduced herewith—are to be shown here immediately after Easter at the Leicester Galleries.

What is this world that Viollier creates upon his canvas? It is a world of which we recognize the parts but of which we do not recognize the whole. "It is," you may say, "the world of a madman, a world of dissociated ideas." But Viollier is not mad. He is a perfectly sane person. "Then," you will say, "he is pretending to be mad." But there also you will be wrong. He is not pretending to *be* anything. He is merely painting pictures of a kind that have never been painted before. He is trying to paint dream-pictures. Not, observe, to paint "dreamy" pictures. To understand Viollier's pictures we must keep this distinction clearly in our mind.

Viollier tries to set down the typical world that appears to us in dreams. His pictures are like Gilbert Chesterton's *The Man who was Thursday*. But there is this difference. Chesterton thinks dreams are funny things and that even a nightmare, properly considered, is a joke which can be explained by cucumber salad or a defective tooth; Viollier does not think dreams funny and he makes no distinction between what we usually call a dream and what we call a nightmare; he is not concerned with giving us a judgment of a dream—with calling it pleasant or unpleasant—and he is not concerned, I imagine, with recording any actual dreams of his own or of anyone else; he is concerned to paint pictures immobilizing a moment of dream life; and his pictures are like those single photographs taken from films which are hung outside cinemas—they immobilize that which was different a moment before and will be different again in a moment's time.

As I look at these pictures I have just the sensation that I have when half-awake and half-asleep, the sensation of seeing an image extremely clearly but yet not quite believing what I see. In this dream-state, familiar to everyone, we desire to arrest the image, which nevertheless changes without our will; we believe ourselves awake and conscious and yet we know that all the time we dream.

Viollier's pictures must be distinguished from allegorical pictures. In allegorical pictures the artists use symbols to suggest ideas. Such artists draw a blind woman with scales to suggest Justice, and so on. When these symbols are familiar to us we understand such pictures without difficulty. When they are not familiar the works appear obscure. In Viollier's pictures, on the other hand, we are convinced that no rational explanation is possible at all. We are conscious that the ideas which arise rationally from the objects in these pictures cannot rationally be combined—just as we are conscious that the combination of images in our dreams are irrational in kind.

"THE INSPIRATION OF THE POET": *Twin facets and phases balanced on a wire with electrical appliances growing out from the telegraph posts*

These pictures must also be distinguished, as noted above, from the "dreamy" pictures by artists who acquire a reputation for a poetic or esoteric vision because, being unable to force their imagination to clear form, they make everything of necessity extremely vague. Viollier's imagination is admirably clear-cut; the images he creates for us are as clear and vivid as the images of our dreams.

No one at any rate can deny that this young artist has originality and technical skill. Armed with a palette and brushes he can do exactly what he wants to do on the surface of a canvas. If he wants to depict a natural object or concrete thing in a way that will enable us to recognize it clearly and in detail he can do so. Nothing, for example, could be more precise and accomplished than the insulators on the telegraph poles in "The Poet's Inspiration." He can describe generic forms when he feels so disposed—witness the various tree forms in "Heart and Eyes"; and he can formalize when and how he wishes, and all this power he uses to create imaginative visions from that dream world where we are forced against our will to take part in fantastic horrors, and where impossibilities are so intensely vivid that we almost believe them true.

A GREEK CHORUS

Five of the Selected Vocalists to Sing Hellenic Songs to England Next Summer

FROM ATTICA: Mlle Mazarakis in the Amalia costume of the province of Attica and Bœotia

FROM THE ISLES OF GREECE: Mlle Nicolaides from Mykonos

FROM THE BLUE ÆGEAN: Mlle Lecatsas from Sifnos

A LADY OF EPIRUS: Mlle Papaconstantopoulos from Sonli in the traditional costume of the Epirotes. She has been selected to represent her district in the chorus of Greek women to tour England in the summer

FROM CORFU: Mlle Constantinos, who has been selected to represent her island in the Greek chorus

"The isles of Greece where burning Sappho loved and sung"—or at least picked representatives of those isles, the heirs of the singer of the Ægean—are to be presented in England this summer. A "Greek Chorus"—a group of vocalists selected from all the Greek islands and provinces—is to be brought to this country to give a series of recitals of the national songs. Additional interest will be lent to the programme by the fact that each singer will wear the costume indigenous and traditional to her district. A quintette of these ravishing peasant dresses are seen above, differing widely in degree but homogeneous in kind. The garments show traces of Turkish influence, subtly blended into harmony by the genius of the Hellenic spirit

BURGEONING WITH BEAUTY: Crocuses bloom in the fields beneath the snow-covered slopes of the Alps

IN THE PLACE OF HEALTH: A spring scene near Davos, starred with crocuses. Davos is, of course, a great sanatorium

THE GLORY OF THE ALPS: A strik with the snowy sweep of the Alps in the near backg sport yields to the approa

ING comes to VITZERLAND.

Blazes in Glory on the Albine Slopes

SABBATICAL: Women from Lötschental in Sunday clothes on a field, sometime the haunt of ski-ers, now ablaze with double buttercups

Those who know Switzerland only as a snow-covered land resounding to the cries of "Achtung" have no idea of the exquisite beauty of the country in its spring-time garb. Even in early April crocus and buttercup star the fields, while marsh marigolds flower on an eyot of tender green totally surrounded by a shining sea of snow. Later, of course, gentian and anemone burgeon in gracious profusion, while the edelweiss, true national flower of Switzerland, is to be seen only on the heights

GALLANT HARBINGERS OF SPRING: An exquisite vista near Davos. The fields of Switzerland are now aflame with the crocuses that brave the chill of early spring

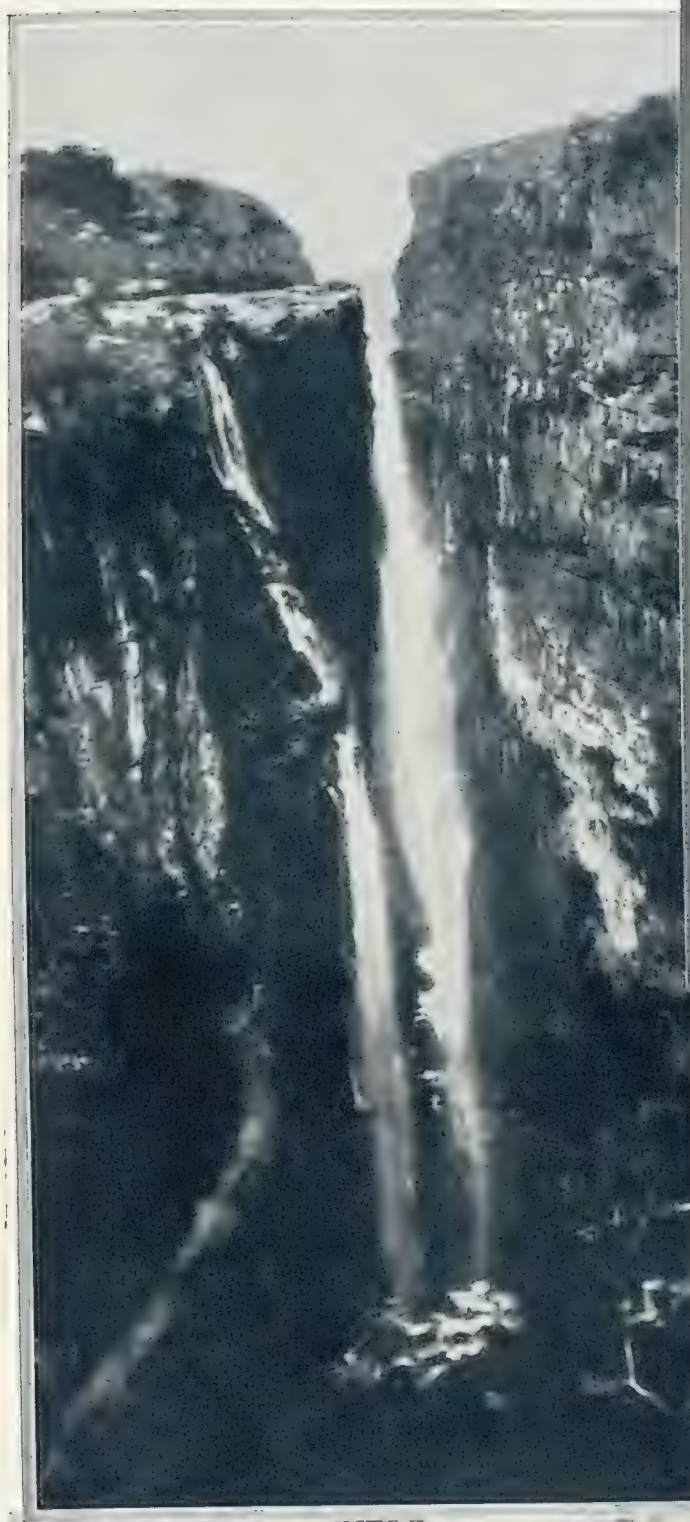
study of crocuses at Adelboden, The familiar landscape of winter

The Tudor Floors at Austin Reeds, of Regent Street. A delightful background for the latest ideas in sports suits, sports wear, dressing gowns, flying kit.

AUSTIN REED LTD., LONDON.

Facets of the Veldt

A Masai Woman's Carrying Capacity : The Makwa Falls : The Governor-General's Residence · A Two Ox-power Motor-car



"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM": This is not a study of African torture but is merely a picture of a Masai woman shedding a load of green wood. The coiled spring is her necklace which, when she stands upright, will fall into place on her shoulders. Few men could carry her load with impunity. Its purpose is to construct a boma, *or safe place, for cattle*

WHERE THE PRINCE HAS BEEN STAYING : "Westbrooke," the Governor-General's country residence, Rondebosch, in the Dutch style

R.A.C. RATING—TWO OX-POWER ! An ancient Ford in Pondoland, South Africa. The hand-brake is still in use and is very necessary—but economy is exercised in tyres and petrol ! Above—MAKWA FALLS : These, in Pondoland, are nearly 500 ft. high. The whole volume is not visible as it is almost impossible to get it all on to one plate. The picture is taken from the side

At first glance the lady in the upper right hand picture might appear to be undergoing punishment or even torture. Actually, neither is the case. It is an unfortunate custom for the women of the Masai tribe that they should be so hampered by the extraordinary amount of "scrap-iron" which they habitually wear round their necks, shoulders, ankles, arms, and ears. These ornaments are usually manufactured out of copper wire, and the neckpiece consists of one long strand, shaped spirally to fall in widening circles from neck to shoulders. In the picture the woman seems to be in difficulties with hers, although the smaller end of the "necklace" fits sufficiently closely to prevent the arrangement from slipping off her head completely, and when she stands upright it will fall back into place round her neck. At the moment she is stooping to heave off her shoulders a cumbersome load of green wood which she has brought into the Masai village where she lives for the purpose of building a cattle *boma* (place of safety). The protection of the cattle in Masai country is a matter of first importance to the inhabitants, as they live on meat and ox-blood

THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS: *An allegorical but unseamanlike engraving by Theodore de Bry (1594)—an illustration to Keble Chatterton's "English Seamen and the Colonization of America," briefly reviewed below*

The LAST WAR and the NEXT

Is One War Book Enough for any One Author?—A Pertinent Query in the Present Spate Raised by

JAMES LAVER

It is natural, if unfortunate, that among war novels those written by foreigners should be more interesting than those written by our own people. Most of us know enough about our own army—the stolid heroism of the ordinary soldier, the terrible contrast between a post in the trenches and a comfortable billet at home. We know all about the details of life in camp. We have heard all the jokes about the sergeant-major. But from foreign novels we still have something to learn, and the French, in some ways, are more foreign than the Germans. Were their feelings the same?

The Cabaret up the Line, by Roland Dorgelès (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net) is the work of a practised writer—one who would have been a writer anyway, even if there had been no war to write about. The writings of such men often miss something that the plain soldier's narrative alone can give, the authenticity of the document. Most war books are nothing more, and it is well that they do not try to be. If I were giving advice to a young writer anxious to create a masterpiece, I should say without any hesitation, "Leave the war out of account as a possible subject. You are either too near it, or not near enough. Leave it alone."

M. Dorgelès wisely does not try to construct a full-length picture. His book is a collection of short stories, and their chief quality is a lyrical charm. The tale which gives its title to the collection is scarcely even a story. It is an account of how, when volunteers were asked for to occupy a forward post, there was no response until the troops learned that the post was called "The Cabaret de la Belle Femme." Then everybody volunteered. When the troops reached it they saw, what indeed they had half expected, a ruin. The mere name had been enough.

A WEAKLING FOR A HERO: *Richard II wearing the Broomscod Collar which inspired a book noticed on this page*

When we think of Verdun we naturally think of the heroic resistance of the French. *In the Hell of Verdun* by Alfred Hein (Cassell—7s. 6d. net), serves to remind us that the heroism and the suffering were not all on one side. It is a well written account of the assault on the impregnable fortress, and the characters in the book grow vivid enough and likeable. It is pleasant to learn that some of the German troops liked their officers (or rather some of their officers), and that they thought the Crown Prince looked like a devil-may-care and eccentric English captain. There are the usual contrasts between good soldiers and bad swingers, the usual unfaithfulness of the girls at home to the equally unfaithful boys at the Front, the usual journeys up and down the line. The book is honestly and pleasantly written but it suffers inevitably from not being the first in the field. All such books, written from the point of view of the ordinary decent man forced into a war of which he knows very little, have a family likeness, and they only succeed in being impressive by a wanton insistence on horrors, of which this book is singularly free.

One is inclined to feel that *one* war book is as much as should be allowed to any author. Herr Ernst Junger, however, is different. *His Storm of Steel* was not the ordinary war book. Neither is his new work, *Copse 125* (Chatto and Windus—7s. 6d. net). Its ostensible theme is the German defence (and loss) of the position known to thousands of Englishmen as Rossignol Wood. Those who saw it in 1918 will remember that there was a ghastly pleasantry in the very name. As if nightingales ever *could* have sung in that waste of scarred stumps and ploughed-up chalk! But Herr Junger is only incidentally concerned in recording impressions. He is a man of ideas. His book is packed with them. He is one of the few authors of war books with whom one would care to discuss the war. The "Isn't it awful?" school may be humanitarians, but humanitarianism alone will not save us from the next conflict. For that clear thinking is necessary, and Herr Junger's book is a stimulus to clear thinking. His mind is as bright and clean as a bayonet—and as sharp.

Before many pages have been read one knows that sooner or later he will invoke Nietzsche. He does, and even uses the phrase, "will to power," without any sense of moral obliquity. In fact he is quite unrepentant; he enjoyed the War. He even talks of the "exhilaration" of mopping up a trench with bombs. The same temperament in an Englishman would lead him to treat the whole thing as a kind of sport. Not so Herr Junger. He has read Clausewitz, and if he would put his ideas into the form of a logical treatise he might add another volume to Clausewitz's masterpiece and bring that philosophic strategist up to date.

The development of war in the future is calmly considered, and the difficulties which arise for strategists because there must be intervals of peace. So every war is begun with out-of-date weapons. What will the weapons of the next war be? Herr Junger sees, quite rightly, that trench warfare was only a phase, but he sees little place for the future employment of cavalry. He seems to hanker after some kind of super-tank—a battleship on land. His criticisms of the German military machine are acute, and he makes a profound observation when he speaks of the "oriental" element in Prussianism. And can anyone but a sentimentalist deny that "the source of those achievements that benefit the world as a whole is to be found in the will that urges all peoples to assert their ascendancy, to strive on in rivalry and antagonism." He cherishes Machiavellian projects of using the cinema to influence the masses to continue the fight. In fact he is incorrigible. His book should be read by all who are inclined to think that the mere accumulation of remembered horrors will pave the way to peace.

Another attack on humanitarianism (for that is what it amounts to) comes from Father Ronald Knox. Disgusted with the accounts of their religion which various eminent men and women of letters have recently been contributing to the newspapers, he has written a lively work which he calls, rather perversely, *Caliban in Grub Street* (Sheed and Ward. 7s. net). The possessor of a definite faith has a somewhat unfair advantage in controversies of this sort, especially when his opponents are not agreed among themselves. He has no difficulty in pointing out a thousand inconsistencies, concealed sentimentalities, and much muddled thinking. He has no difficulty in pointing out that his own position is perfectly logical — if only his first assumptions can be granted without question. Humanitarianism may be the saving hope for mankind or the cancer that is rotting our souls, but it is good to find Father Knox confessing that its development has nothing to do with religion. Then at least we know where we are.

The rest of the books this week are a mixed lot. Mr. Fowler Wright, who swam into notice with *Deluge*, has brought out a kind of sequel entitled *Dawn* (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net). The scene is the same; an island, once part of Staffordshire, peopled with the survivors of a disastrous flood. Unfortunately the men outnumber the women, six to one, and the story deals with the social struggle between the "haves" and the "have-nots." It is also in one sense a protest against "that terrible bureaucratic slavery which the waters covered," a vindication of the individual against the machine. Mr. Wright has the Wellsian gift of dealing in a matter-of-fact way with some stupendous catastrophe. It is a weapon of social criticism and so he uses it.

The Castle, translated from the German of Franz Kafka by Wella and Edwin Muir (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net), is a much more fanciful work. Indeed it is an allegory and a queer one, for "the castle" stands for Divine Guidance, and all the characters stand for something else. If Kafka had lived (he died of consumption in 1925 at the age of forty-two) the story might have been clarified. It has the strange quality of dreams in which tremendous issues are completely understood and as completely lost on waking.

No Walls of Jasper, by Joanna Cannan (Benn. 7s. 6d. net), is the superior crime story, by which I mean that its interest centres not in the unravelling of clues but in the character of the criminal. Julian Prebble is not what is usually called a criminal type but he finds himself a parricide and his progress is shown with sufficient skill to be convincing. Miss Cannan has a caustic style and the world she looks out upon is not exactly a pretty one. But it is a consistent world.

In *Autumn Flight*, by Eleanor Gizycka (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net) we have an altogether different atmosphere. The story passes from Chicago in the 'nineties of the last century to the Russian Court at St. Petersburg. The heroine marries a Russian prince, but growing tired of life on his estate, runs off with his English stable manager. The authoress seems to know the life she writes of, and the characters, especially the Russian characters, come to life. A somewhat gloomy but effective book.

briefly commended

The Biography of Her Majesty Queen Mary, by *Charlotte Cavendish*. (Marriott. 10s. 6d. net.)—A book which on the day of its publication aroused considerable controversy. It is written rather with an eye to the transatlantic than to the British public. The volume is compiled from nameless sources and does not bear the *imprimatur* of Buckingham Palace. Some of the statements are in questionable taste. It will probably be widely read.

Crime in India, by *Sir Cecil Walsh*. (Benn. 10s. 6d. net.)—The author of "Indian Village Crimes" and "The Agra Double Murder" has called upon his well-stored memory to expose facets of life in the great dependency unknown to the majority. Edgar Wallace "fans"—as well as those interested in less ephemeral sensations—will enjoy it.

Kitchener, by *Brigadier-General C. R. Ballard*. (Faber and Faber. 18s. net.)—This is no "happy conjectural emendation" on the secret workings of the mind of "K. of K." It is the plain, unvarnished story of the great (though latterly bitterly assailed) soldier's career in Egypt, South Africa, India, and the W.O. Criticism plays a due—not an undue—part in a careful and well-authenticated study.

Bar and Buskin, by *Edward F. Spence, K.C.* (Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 15s. net.)—A notable volume of reminiscences by a distinguished luminary in two worlds not frequently associated with any intimacy. Mr. Spence is, as may be conjectured by the letters after his name, an eminent lawyer, and his reputation stands high in the field of dramatic criticism.

English Seamen and the Colonization of America, by *E. Keble Chatterton*. (Arrowsmith. 12s. 6d. net.)—A notable marine historian tells the little-known but so worth-knowing tale of the voyages to the Americas after 1492. He emphasizes the part the sea, ships, and sailors have played in the destiny of the New World.

The Broomscod Collar, by *Gilian Olivier*. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)—An historical novel blended of equal parts of conjecture of motive and actuality of fact, taking as its central figure Richard II and its title from a decoration he received from the Royal House of France. A psychological study which tends to show Richard not the wavering weakling of text books, but a man in advance of his time and a mystic of the modern school.

"It's NOT nice to have a Thief in the Family!"

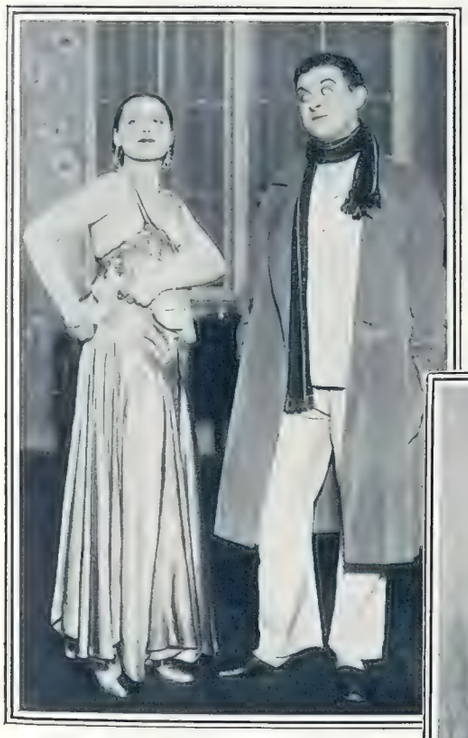
The Humorous Crook Play at the Comedy

CALMING MAIDEN FEARS IN A MATRON: *Mr. Huntley Wright endeavours to pacify Miss April Harmon, who is in danger of being convinced her husband, Mr. Henry Kendall, is a thief*

Special "Sphere" Pictures

EXPLANATION IS VEXATION: *Mr. Huntley Wright endeavours to explain away to his daughter (Miss April Harmon) and his wife (Miss Viola Compton) the evidence against his son-in-law (Mr. Henry Kendall). His daughter believes him as she wants to—his wife does not!*

THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE—AND THE PIECE! *Miss Jeanne Planas, the vamp, embraces Mr. Henry Kendall, the hero, to the scandal of Miss Viola Compton, Mr. Huntley Wright, Miss April Harmon, and the butler, Mr. Ambrose Manning*



THE HERO AND THE VAMP: *Mr. Henry Kendall, the somewhat ingenuous hero of the humorous crook play "Odd Numbers," and Miss Jeanne Planas, the "wicked williness" who is in league with the thieves. There is reason to believe that Mr. Kendall is not only a thief but also the head of a gang of thieves who are known to each other only by uneven numbers. Mr. Kendall is suspected of being the mysterious, notorious, and infamous No. 1, but he is innocent, of course. The most delicious humour in the play comes from the Aberdonian buyer, skilfully and subtly portrayed by Miss Margaret Baird*

MILADY: *Miss Marie Ney, who portrays with great effect the vamp of the musical version of "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane*

A very pleasant evening's entertainment is to be found at the Comedy Theatre. *Odd Numbers*, by the joint authors, George Arthurs and Arthur Miller, can be briefly described as a humorous crook drama in which a respectable family get mixed up with a thoroughgoing crook gang of melodramatic type. "No. 13" passes through spring bookcases in the most approved fashion. The lesser members of the gang become convinced that John Strange (Mr. Henry Kendall) is their unknown leader. Mr. Huntley Wright, as the humorous father, gives some excellent work. The whole play has been excellently produced by Mr. Austin Melford and Mr. Leslie Henson

Peter Ivorth

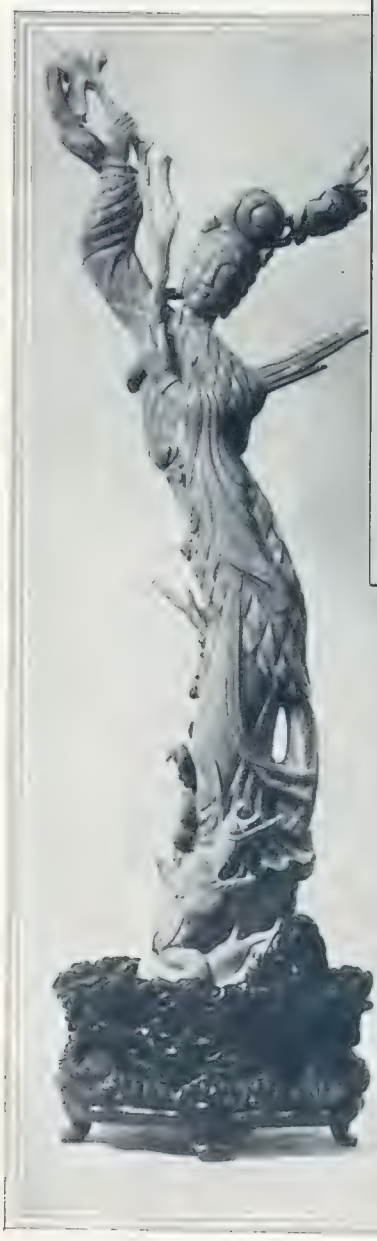
A NEWLY DISCOVERED STAR: *Miss Celia Johnson, who has been engaged for the title-rôle of "Debonair," to be reproduced at the Lyric*

THE DANCING SIVA

A bronze statue from South India dating back to the days of William the Conqueror and a coral figure from China now in America

Below—

FROM OLD CATHAY: A pink coral carving representing a genie with a five-clawed Imperial dragon. It stands 18 in. high, and is one of a pair. The period is Chi'en Lung. This formed one of the art treasures in the collection recently presented as a memorial to Dr. George Byron Gordon, a director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, by Mr. Eldridge R. Johnson on the occasion of his election to the chairmanship of the Museum's board of managers



From the Noted German Collection of Edward van der Heydt

THE GOD OF FECUNDITY, OF DEATH, AND OF LIFE AFTER DEATH: A South Indian bronze Siva

This four-armed figure is an unusually perfect specimen of a casting in bronze of the Dancing Siva. It is South Indian, of the Chola Dynasty, about eleventh century A.D. Siva is, of course, a god in Hindu mythology, who forms the third person in the trinity with Brahma and Vishnu—Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer; and, through the destruction of death, the god of re-birth and life. Siva is here represented as Nataraja, "Lord of the Dance," performing the Nadanta dance before the assembly, or *sabha*, in the Golden Hall of Chidambaram, the centre of the Universe. The story goes that in the mythical forest of Mimamsa, in the underworld, dwelt a sect of blasphemers. Siva gathered them together in the Golden Hall to confute them. The unholy ones turned in fury against him, hurling at him a mystic tiger, a monstrous serpent, and a malignant dwarf. The first two he tore to pieces, the third he trampled under foot (in the figure the dwarf is not clearly visible, except for breech-cloth and one foot). Siva then proceeded to dance, working himself up into a whirling ecstasy of triumph. This dance has been idealized in the addition of symbolic powers and attributes. Here the outer nimbus represents the Universe; crowned at intervals with jets of flame (*agni*, or fire), it is held to be the first manifestation of the æther-waves proceeding from the creative impulse of Brahm, Lord of the Universe, whose mystic word, "Om," launches the flash of mind-motive. Siva shows two arms on each side (not very clearly seen here). On the right one hand holds the rattle-drum (*damàru*), the other is uplifted in the pose of protection. On the left one hand holds a fleur-de-lys-shaped flame of fire (*agni*), the other points downwards in "the pose of the elephant's trunk." The attitudes of the limbs are symbolic, a symbolism which is deeply involved in the metaphysical conception of the soul, its life, and eventual absorption into the Deity; the subject is almost impossible to condense into an explanation. The headdress consists of (a) a built-up tuft of cassia leaves; (b) the "gridiron" formation, representing the loose locks of the god whirling outwards with the rhythm of his gyration till they reach the limits of the cosmos, the world of creation, which he fills with his dancing; (c) a lotus flower, flattened, forms a halo-like nimbus behind his head. The front view of his headdress (not seen here) is very curious, containing as it does intertwined cobras, a human skull, flowers, and leaves, while a woman's earring hangs from his left ear. The "sacred thread," or *yajna pavita*, hangs from his left shoulder to his right waist. Armlets and anklets encircle the limbs. The tightly-fitting breeches are a feature of all these statuettes and castings, which rarely differ in a single detail, and vary in size from 6 in. to 4 ft. high; never any larger.

•The WORLD of WOMEN•

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

WHO ARE the IMMORTALS of OUR DAY?

—there is little danger that the ultra-modern will engulf the classic canon

WILL ANY OF THESE BE LOVED AND READ IN THE YEAR 2030? . . . . .

James Joyce
Virginia Woolf
D. H. Lawrence
Gertrude Stein

H. G. Wells
Arnold Bennett
George Bernard Shaw

Aldous Huxley
E. M. Forster
David Garnett
H. M. Tomlinson
Siegfried Sassoon
The Three Sitwells

By KATE O'BRIEN

To begin with, how is the cat going to jump? I mean how are our present-day experimentalists going to effect the future of letters and of literary taste? For serious experiment is everywhere. James Joyce and the "Transitionists" are remaking language and the sentence; Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot and their followers are hacking out new patterns and functions for poetry, Virginia Woolf is asking the novel to abandon its old job and tackle a severe experiment; D. H. Lawrence was making literature out of an ideal of savagery; and Gertrude Stein is doing things that a few very intelligent people still insist on watching with attention. If all these pioneers prevail, what will the canons of criticism be in the year 2,030? If, that is to say, the English tradition of letters goes under to an avalanche of new matter and new manner, through what sort of spectacles of criticism will our great-grandchildren regard our present-day more or less traditional writers, the last of the old brigade?

I do not really think that this unanswerable question need bother us here. Tradition, the old cannibal, has a way of swallowing up its opponents, to nourish itself withal. It has been in need of nourishment since the great Victorians died, and will probably absorb not death, but new vitality, from the dangerous cups and dishes that are being held up to it.

A FIGHTER FOR TRUTH: The late D. H. Lawrence, whose realism was offensive to Philistia

A FANTASIST OF DISTINCTION: Mr. David Garnett, whose "Lady into Fox" created a sensation

It is possible therefore that readers of the twenty-first century will bring to our authors a state of mind somewhat parallel with that which we bring to the literary work of the early nineteenth century. For that, too, was a time of transition in which the English habit of thought was suffering a change as deep as ours is undergoing now.

There is no guessing, of course, at what point in its limited swing the pendulum of taste will be then, but it is certain that we will not be judged by our own standards. For instance, the peculiar sentimentality of Galsworthy, which we can accept with affectionate tolerance some of us, may be as nauseating, to posterity as the crudities of Dickens and Douglas Jerrold are to us.

At the same time it is a dead certainty that they will read Galsworthy, or anyhow the *Forsyte Saga*. They will read that book not only for its historical value, but because it will always have to be allowed for their creator, however large his sins and limitations may seem a century hence, that he breathed our common life into the Forsytes. He presented them forever with digestive systems and umbrellas and a few muffled immortal longings, and the recurring need to go to sleep at night. Time will not rob them of those *bona fide* possessions any more than time has taken their dear, natural absurdity from the members of the Pickwick Club.

But maybe the easiest way to pick out our own immortals would be to rummage over the bookshelf and see who they are among living writers that one reads with pleasure a second or third time. What modern book do we return to with such deep pleasure as the *Egoist* gives again and again, or *Vanity Fair*, or almost anything of Henry James?

Here's Wells for instance. Is he twice readable? Most certainly in *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*. Less certainly in *Tono Bungay*, not at all in *The Passionate Friends* and similar efforts; and would it really be a happy experience to read the scientific romances again, or the windy meditations of an old man called William Clissold? Still, Wells the writer will be loved by posterity for his first books, and no doubt other facets of his versatility will command respect and wonder. Arnold Bennett? Ah, won't those unborn readers wonder a little sadly, as we do, why the Potteries were abandoned for the Grand Babylon?

Shaw? Well, most likely he'll still be here and writing week-long plays which they'll attend to intermittently on their television screens as they eat their dinners and have their baths. And even if he isn't, won't they wonder, when they attend the National Theatre, to hear the *n*th revival of the play that followed *The Apple Cart*, why it was that he went on ripening so superbly while all the men who started with him lost force in middle life and fell away?

But here are younger names. Aldous Huxley? Does one read him twice? H'm. Isn't there a little too much Aldous Huxley in his work for that and not enough of our duller and less clear-eyed selves? The grandchildren will obviously have to read him, but will he come home to their business and bosoms? Or indeed would he choose to do that? It isn't easy to feel at ease with Aldous Huxley, and somehow I imagine that he doesn't want one to feel at ease with him. Take, for example, incomparably the finest scene in his masterpiece, *Point Counterpoint*, where Spandrell takes a dilapidated daughter of joy into the country, stimulates her most ingenuous and sentimental reactions, and then slashes to pieces with his cane the flowers that had moved her to puerile but pure thoughts. A brilliant essay in perversity by a character admittedly perverse, granted, but it does not endear the book to the heart. And for my part I like to be allowed to grow fond of my immortals; maybe the next century will have outgrown that *naïveté* which even the great mysterious Shakespeare still permits his readers.

But if these future readers have anything at all of our blood in them, and if also they have any backward affectionate desire to understand what manner of people we were, they will cherish and ponder E. M. Forster; they will re-read him as we do. They will re-read and cherish Virginia Woolf and will tell each other from time to time that *Orlando* was one of the perfect and unfadable flowers of the twentieth century. And I fancy that the poet of "The Land" will be well known and well loved when her Kentish Weald has been churned into arterial roads and parking places for air liners.

David Garnett, too, will surely be safe with these grandchildren of ours if they have an ounce of judgment between them. Isn't it almost a certainty that *The Sailor's Return* will be a classic in a hundred years? H. M. Tomlinson is another good horse to back, and Humbert Wolfe is another, and so is Siegfried Sassoon. The three Sitwells will of course cause an immense amount of ink to be spilt among historians and annotators, but I venture the daring guess that of the famous three, Edith Sitwell will wear the brightest laurel and wear it longest.

There will be scores of "also rans" of course, who will be snubbed or patted or laughed at by our grandchildren. And of the thousands who are now under the happy impression that at least they are covering the course, will it even be recorded, do you think, that they left the the starting-post?

A MASTER OF BEAUTIFUL PROSE: Mr. E. M. Forster, a novelist whose output is quality, not quantity

THE MERCILESS: Aldous Huxley, whose "Point Counterpoint" was a *magnum opus* of realism and icy disdain

THE CREATOR OF UTOPIAS: Mr. H. G. Wells, who was a great novelist before he became a pamphleteer

Maurice Beck and Helen MacGregor

A TRINITY OF MODERNITY: Osbert, Edith, and Sacheverell Sitwell, who tilt at many phases of tradition, and incense many good men and true, but who, despite their "modernity," are yet "duly seated on the immortal hill!"

THE GENIUS OF FIVE TOWNS: Mr. Arnold Bennett, whose output is colossal and whose average is surprisingly high

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

METAL FURNITURE IS THE LATEST FASHION

—A new type of equipment which is colourful in effect and economical in cost

By Baseden Butt

Had it been foretold by some prophet, even a few years ago, that we would soon be equipping our homes with furniture made of metal, many people would have laughed in his face. And yet to-day this metal furniture is coming to pass—it even seems on the way towards becoming one of the familiar objects of daily life. Tables, chairs, stools, lamp standards, even beds, are being made of steel or nickel, and the result is often handsome and at the same time practical.

Metal strips and tubes, often curved in accordance with the requirements of the furniture of which it is a part, are most frequently employed; and it is found that the shining silvery surface of the metal can be made an important element in an original colour scheme. Chairs, for example, may be upholstered with a Rodier fabric in tapestry or damask, in plain canvas, black or coloured cane, or in leather which may be dyed blue

"STYLE MODERNE": *A small chair in metal with nickel finish and black cane seat is here seen next to a metal stool, finished in the same way*

THE DOUBLE-DECKER: *An occasional table made of stainless steel tubes and bright-hued cellulose lacquered wood, two ultra-modern materials*

orred. As for occasional tables, the metal portions may be combined with plinths and top surfaces of lacquered wood in almost any brilliant colour (reds, blues, and greens are especial favourites); or in finely-figured timber (rather more expensive), or with marble or wrought-iron (both very luxurious), or with plate glass (which is economical).

The last-named is the very latest fashion. There is a very distinct vogue for furniture made of plate glass and steel—especially low fireside tables. It is found that the glass picks up and reflects the prevailing colours of the interior in a really beautiful manner, and it thus becomes an essential and harmonious element in any colour scheme.

The practical advantages of metal furniture are considerable. The chairs are exceedingly comfortable; there is an absolute minimum of dust-collecting surfaces, and the metal portions of the furniture are, of course, as durable as any household equipment yet conceived.

Moreover it is reasonable in price, being among the very cheapest high-class furniture it is possible to buy. Metal furniture is available in two finishes — burnished and matt. The former, which is liable to acquire a faint bloom from time to time, requires an occasional rub over with a soft cloth, but this necessity is eliminated if a matt finish is chosen, or if stainless steel is used instead of nickel. Stainless steel, however, is slightly more expensive.

Another development in metal furniture is the use of plymax. This material is really plywood with an outer surface consisting of a very thin sheet of metal. Copper, aluminium, and various alloys are mounted in this way, and are being used for dressing-table tops and for cabinets and sideboards. Aluminium plymax is very effective when used in furniture, and it harmonizes admirably with colour schemes in which an element of silver is prominent.

Plymax is also suitable for interior decoration. Mr. Denham Maclaren has large copper plymax doors in the house which he is now decorating for himself in Grosvenor Street, and copper and aluminium plymax has been used in other modern homes for walls and ceilings. All this metal furniture needs to be actually seen before finally making up your mind about it. In the pictures the metal parts have a knack of looking hard and prominent, but in reality the upholsteries and wooden portions are just as vivid, and the *ensemble* results in something wonderfully colourful and gay.

SLENDERNESS IN STRUCTURE: *A standard lamp in metal, finished in matt silver, and a metal chair finished in nickel, with the seat and back in Rodier*

TWO ROOMS OF INCREASING IMPORTANCE

— Consider your kitchen and your bathroom

Only a few years ago a home in which kitchen and bathroom were artistic and also practical would have constituted a rare discovery, but to-day, although houses in which these rooms have received due consideration are still none too common, there is a growing realization of both the æsthetic and practical potentialities of these once despised and neglected portions of the home.

Architects nowadays no longer place the bathroom in the most inconvenient part of the house. Its position is carefully considered in relation to the principal bedrooms, and if possible it is given a sunny south aspect, for it is realized that sunshine is fully as health-giving as the bath itself.

The bathroom illustrated is in a recently equipped modern house in Chelsea, Darcy Braddell, F.R.I.B.A., being the architect. The floor is of vitreous mosaic in tones of amber and yellow, the bath and lavatory basin being in a soft tone of green harmonising with the primrose yellow walls and ceiling. All fittings are chromium-plated and untarnishable. The lighting pendants are pale opal glass by Lalique.

The mirror seen above the basin is an interesting feature, for this has one of the new gilt instead of silvered backs. It gives a warm, amber-tinted reflection, and strip-lights are concealed behind panels of frosted glass at either side. These, when switched on, throw a light outward toward one so that the face is always reflected without shadows. The whole mirror is in reality a cupboard door, and opens to reveal accommodation for bathroom and toilet requisites.

The kitchen is no less interesting, for here all the paintwork is in orange and black washable enamel, the ceiling being a lighter tone of orange and the walls covered with cream-coloured tiles. The room being rather small, a dresser with cupboards has been very cleverly built in round the window without in any way interfering with either light or ventilation. To the left of the door, moreover, is a service hatch communicating directly with the dining-room and with cupboards above and beneath. The table has a porcelain enamel top.

In both these rooms it will be seen that efficiency and beauty have been very successfully united, and the result is a home in which existence becomes so much the happier. From the practical point of view kitchen and bathroom are among the most important rooms in one's house, and it is therefore scarcely possible to give too much thought and care to their planning and equipment.

BEAUTY IN THE BATH: *This bathroom has a colour scheme in delicate tones of green and yellow. The ceiling is vaulted to avoid collection of dust or moisture, and the mirror above the lavatory basin conceals a cupboard*

A BUILT-IN DRESSER: *This with storage cupboards and a service hatch communicating with the dining-room are features of this up-to-date and really beautiful kitchen*

This and the bathroom illustrated opposite are by Darcy Braddell, F.R.I.B.A.

The World of Women Section—continued

"THE BELLS OF ST. CLEMENT'S": *Oranges and lemons, the decoration of this charming crêpe de chine gown, which at points reaches the ground, recall an ancient children's game and rhyme*

On left—IN BLACK AND WHITE: *A chic frock for the afternoon. The skirt is of heavy black georgette made full by the use of godets, while the bodice is of white crêpe de chine—by Martial and Armand, Albemarle Street*

Posed by Dolores del Rio

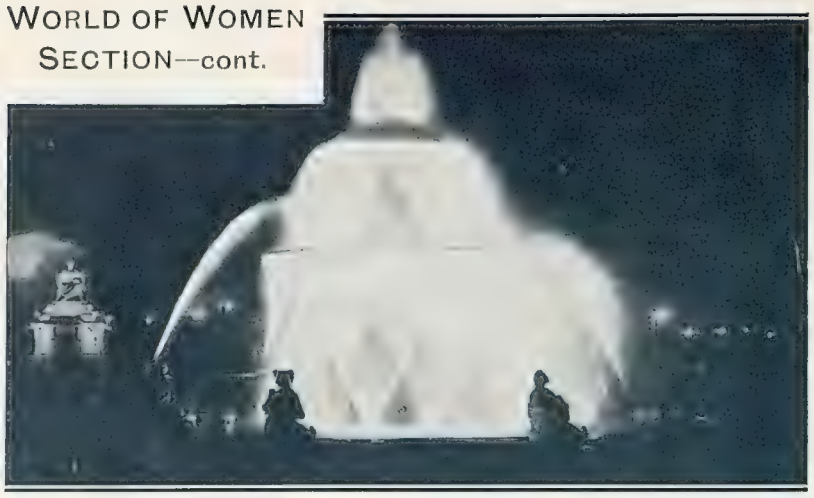
LUSTRE THAT TOUCHES THE GROUND: *An impressive modern evening toilette in gleaming satin. The heavy ear-rings are in character with the sweeping train*

BLUE AND WHITE: *An afternoon frock by Martial and Armand. The dress is of crêpe de chine voile de laine*

To the MIDDLE of the CALF in the AFTERNOON To the FLOOR in the EVENING

—Examples of the Fashionable Toilettes for Crush and Ball

WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.



THE MARRIAGE OF WATER AND LIGHT: *One of the fountains in the Place de la Concorde*

PARIS CALLING

—*A caustic causerie from the gay city*

By H. Pearl Adam

EVERYTHING MADE EASY: *Tourists in Paris are to be the especial care of the Government which has created a new department to look after him (or her)*

Rue Taitbout.

TOURISM TRIUMPHANT.—If people don't come to Paris and the rest of France it will not be the fault of the new Government department which has been given the job of attracting the tourist and caring for him when he has been attracted. Everything is to be made so easy for him that it is confidently hoped he will not notice that he is still paying for things. The fact is, the poor chap isn't being wooed for his profile but for his pocket-book. However, being wooed is very nice and well worth paying for if it is well done. The siren voice says that he may bring his car in free for a year, have his personal luggage sent about unaccompanied as quickly as if he were sitting holding its hand in the luggage-van, get his visas cheaper, and not be asked in ports of arrival to pay a fee for the privilege of landing in the country he has come to spend his money in. The hotel-keepers in France are being urgently instructed to pet him, to tell him in advance what are extras and what they will cost, and to see that there is a minimum of noise and a maximum of baths for the creature. The post office is being called upon to produce a five-language telegraphic code, so that he may be encouraged to send telegrams which he would otherwise omit. The people who move our bodies about for us when we want to leave one place and arrive at another are being urged to organize a system of tickets which can be used by aeroplane or train or public car or boat with the minimum of complication and expense.

So if you don't come to Deauville this year you are merely one degree madder than the people who do, and France will know it, if she thinks about you at all.

MODES AT DEAUVILLE.—And Deauville is making a special Easter effort this year; the bright bird is out after the early worm—and it wants to get ahead of Le Toquet, which has not yet really given tongue in the tourist-hunt for this month.

The Salon de la Mode is always interesting, because one sees what the big fashion-artists would like to do if left to themselves. The fact that few of their ideas could be put into wearable form does not really matter, because no sane person would ever try; but the tenth exhibition, like its predecessors, does give one an idea of the relation fashion has to art. Of course, nobody really wants to go about wearing what the Empress Josephine would have worn if she had been a Cubist (in her days it would have been a strait-waistcoat, but never mind), but it is amusing to see an artist's conception of this complicated ideal. It is difficult to forgive the expert who wants us to have our skirts tied in round our ankles with a golden circlet, and I am sure his would be among the male chorus of jeers which would greet women if they took to the hobble skirt again. Men have not forgotten, and any cheery youngster who feels like parading about in the guise of a "modern satyr" should buy a dark-green cloth suit with leather trimmings, and wear a monocle. What he is to do with his pointed ears and his cloven hoof only his hatter and his boot-maker could possibly say.

A NOBLE HALF CENTURY: *M. Leon Escoffon who has served ever since 1876 in the same cafe. He has also served only one quality of Alsatian beer. He serves 200 small glasses and 100 large glasses a day—so he has served by now over 2,000,000 litres of beer*

ART STANDS ERECT AGAIN.—Some Paris artists are being less hospitable than they were last year, at any rate to complete strangers. Perhaps they began to feel that it was time to assert the dignity of their profession. There were only a few who did it; but those who received parties of tourists at night, showed their work and their methods, and, in fact, sold themselves like any clowns in a circus, woke up one day to the consciousness that serious painters looked upon them with a scorn of such intensity that it reminds me of the child who said she had seen a nigger so black that charcoal would have made a white mark on him. This spring there are no advertised visits "to distinguished painters and sculptors, to art students, underground clubs," and to places where the unsuccessful and poverty-stricken artist "can for a few sous find shelter from the cold and the rain"—and be gazed at by people brought there in a comfortable limousine to do so.

"ARS EST CELARE PECUNIAM."—Talking of art, if that was what we were doing, have all your necklaces made in clusters of coloured glass berries, or else people will think you haven't been to Paris for ages. Or else it can be ropes of coloured stones, woven in the proper cable pattern and passed through large crystal rings at intervals. It is very heavy in effect, but it has the admirable quality of being very easily broken in any one ring and quite useless when that ring has been broken. I don't see what could be better for the glass trade.

"THE KILLER" TO BE KILLED: *A corner nicknamed "The houses that kill" which have been condemned in old Paris*

THE "JUNIOR TURF" OF PARIS: *The stall in the Rue Reaumur where some hundreds of unfortunates are given in the winter a cup of hot soup*

It is pleasing, by the way, to see that people are beginning to get coy about being wealthy. If you go to a cheap shop you'll get pocket-books and cigarette-cases decorated with glass that looks like diamonds; but if you go to a real Jeweller, with nine capital J's, he'll sell you (or one of his exquisitely tailored young archdukes will) a discreet little affair of dull silk, or subdued gold, or gun-metalled platinum, on which all the diamond ornaments have been most rigorously arranged to look like steel. Are we going to have a bout of "the pride that apes humility?"

CARE *of* ALUMINIUM

—*A metal not only of utility but beauty*

By Bernard Hughes

Aluminium is beautiful. The housewife learns to love its sparkling lustre as she loves the gleam of silver or the mellow glow of polished pewter. It is a pure, clean shining metal which spreads heat and prevents food from burning. When buying this "precious metal of the kitchen" see that it is silvery white in colour. Impurities give to the metal a bluish tint which increases with the amount present. Choose only those pieces made entirely from aluminium—where this metal is in contact with another metal (such as a brass handle) corrosion is likely to start.

There is no magic in keeping aluminium ware always in a state of shining newness. Whenever a piece of aluminium is washed it should be rubbed with a pad of steel wool sprinkled with an abrasive cleaner that is advertised as being suitable for cleaning aluminium. The wool cleans the metal and the abrasive restores the sheen. If the steel wool is rinsed beneath the hot-water tap and dried after use it will last much longer because it will not rust so quickly.

There is one very useful preventive measure in keeping aluminium saucepans and kettles clean. To thrust them carelessly into a dish-pan to soak where the water only partly fills them is to court a very stubborn stain just at the water-line which actually adds to the work of cleaning. Instead, fill them to the brim and stand them on a level surface.

A little liquid metal polish applied once a week to the outside of aluminium ware and daily rubbed with a soft duster serves to keep it highly polished. A mixture which gives a very brilliant polish consists of one part of olive oil and one part of rum shaken to an emulsion.

When aluminium ware is in exceptionally bad condition it may be treated with oxalic solution made in the proportion of one tablespoonful of the acid crystals to a quart of water. Allow the cold solution to stand in the utensil overnight or boil it for not more than five minutes. Carefully remove all traces of the acid before using.

When aluminium utensils are not in use they should be kept perfectly dry and free from dust. A thin film of olive oil rubbed over the surface protects it from the combined action of air and moisture—two substances deleterious to the modern metal.

The Message of EASTER *will be heard in many* STRANGE CHURCHES.

Germany is the Country of Style Moderne

VAULTING IN THE MODERN STYLE: *A modern church building in Schmargendorf, near Berlin. The picture shows the corridor leading to the Nave*

OF CHINESE DESIGN: *The porch of the Schmargendorf Church is built in blue ceramics. The design is in conformity with the medium*

STARS IN THE VAULTING: *An interior view of the new Lutheran Church at Halle on the Saale—a building newly erected*

YET BEARING A TRACE OF THE GOTHIC: *The modern church built recently by the architects, Forthmann and Fischer of Cologne in Köln-Bickendorf—a suburb of the great Rhineland city. It is called the Drei-Königin. The windows and the door show the pointed arch immortalised in the Gothic; the tower and bell chamber are conceived on slender and modern lines*

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BY SOLWAY SHORE

written and illustrated by

"SILVERPOINT"

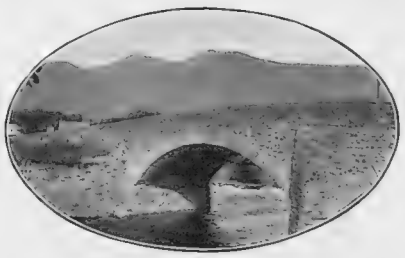
The English shore of the Solway is a delightful little corner of a very romantic district in which to spend a quiet, restful holiday. Every yard of it breathes of byegone stirring times when knights were bold, border raiders ferocious and persistent, of Roman soldiers and sailors, abbot and baron, Jacobite plotters, free traders, and all the long procession of vivid figures who through the dim past years have figured in their day on the stage of this now quiet and peaceful Solwayside.

You are just on the fringe of the beautiful and romantic English Lake District on Solway Shore, well within view of its rugged mountain ranges, of which a splendid panoramic view is obtained in clear weather. And across the restless waters of the Solway estuary are the Scottish hills, with the imposing cone of Criffel dominating the lesser peaks. When it is clear you can distinguish the patches of heathery moorland, the vivid green of pasture fields, forming a quaint patchwork as they mingle with golden cornfields and russet plough land. Standing stiff and alert on a grey headland jutting out into the grim estuary is the pert white form of a beacon station or lighthouse. Scotland is a wonderful coast-line here as viewed from Solway Sands anywhere between Maryport and Silloth.

This line of coast was an important one in Roman days; dotted along it right on the coast-line, now perched on cliff-tops, now dumped amongst sand-dunes, are a line of cohort forts where auxiliary regiments dourly upheld the might and majesty of Imperial Rome against the unruly barbarians who flung themselves ever and again against that imperturbable frontier line. Picts from Scotland, Scots from Ireland, savages, sea rovers, pirates came in turn. And in their turn, too, came the moss-troopers, almost as brutal and inhuman in their dealings with the hapless victims of their raids as their forerunners. We hear of abbeys sacked and burnt, of women and children killed in wanton sport or carried away prisoners. Even the churches of Solway Shore are many of them so constructed that they could serve as strongholds for refuge in time of stress, where the old and helpless, the women and children, the sheep and cattle, could be placed in safety till the raiders (whose usual methods were of the "tip and run" variety) had been and gone. Two very good examples of these fortress-churches of this unquiet district are Newton Arlosh, near Silloth, and Dearham, near Maryport.

Bonny Prince Charlie is linked up with the disrtict by Sir Walter Scott in *Redgauntlet*, who brings the Young Pretender to Kirkbride for a desperate attempt to rouse the canny Cumbrian gentry to enthusiasm for his dying cause. The great religious house of the Middle Ages, the powerful Abbey of St. Mary, Holme Cultram, Abbey Town, still remains in part, its towering walls showing what its magnificence must have been in the hey-dey of its might. To-day it is on the 'bus route between Silloth and Carlisle, a pleasant object for a day's excursion, including Newton Arlosh and its fortress church and Kirkbride in the programme.

Solway Shore properly begins at Whitehaven, but till you get east of Workington you are in the industrial zone. At Maryport you find a little old seaport town where it is said a famous American ship of war had its birth in ancient days. Maryport still builds an occasional small vessel, launching them broadside-on, an impressive performance. On the cliff above the town are the still very plainly visible remains of a great stone-walled Roman cohort fort which must have played a great part in the early history of Maryport "Uxellodunum" its name in Roman days.



EASY OF ASCENT: Skiddaw, Keswick's chief peak. From its summit a superb view is obtained in clear weather

Further along the Solway estuary, right on the shore, is Allonby, a curiously Dutch-looking village. Here you get real sea breezes in plenty. There are fine sands where shrimpers (Allonby shrimps are famous for succulence and size) ply their craft, and the picturesque "haaf-net" fishers wade almost shoulder-high in the lapping tideway, pushing the great poles at the end of which are the bag or purse nets wherein they catch anything from a sand-dab to a salmon. Good golf is to be had both at Maryport and Allonby. Silloth is a place of more pretensions, and a pleasant and restful headquarters for exploring.

Just inland from Solway Shore there are places of interest to be seen. The church of Dearham, on the way from Maryport to Cockermouth, possesses a rich hoard of archæological treasures. Example of the fortress-church, with fire-stains still to be traced on its tower where the beacon-fires once blazed out the sinister warning "The Scots are coming." Giants were buried here, and Angles, Vikings, and other fore-runners of our strange mixed race have left their relics behind them.

Keswick, the metropolis of Lakeland, is easily visited from Solway Shore, indeed you can see Skiddaw, Keswick's mountain chief, and his companion peaks, from many points along the estuary. Skiddaw is a very easily ascended mountain, indeed it is possible to go up it on pony-back. At its foot is Bassenhwaite, a long sheet of water which may once have joined to make a great lake with Derwentwater.

SOLWAY SHORE: A vista towards the Scottish coast and Criffel, seen from near Silloth

WHEEL-HEADED: A striking churchyard cross from Dearham, near Maryport, Cumberland. It is now preserved inside the church

A MERRIE ENGLAND on a JAZZ NOTE

Once on a time, and that not so long ago, a winter holiday as a regular thing would not have been thought about. Now it is the regular thing with those who can afford the money and the time for it. To so reflect is also to realise that holidays, like women's clothes, have fashions, though happily they do not move so swiftly.

Consider for a moment! Holidays mean, in one way or another, movement, travel, the means of getting about. They were few when the facilities for travel were few, and they have increased as these have increased. Behind the growth of both there has been the modern will to enjoy life, to make it something of an adventure, and not merely hard work.

When the horse, ridden or driven, was the great carrier, travel was limited by his speed of foot and power of endurance. He and the family coach made the Grand Tour of Europe for the young Englishman of quality a century ago. The sailing ship was the horse of the sea, but when the steamer replaced it and railways came, there was both a new sea and a new land. Now luxury as well as rapidity is the name of the express and the liner, and the motor-car honks from the road, and the airplane cries from the sky, both announcing that they are the younger partners in the great game of travel.

This ability to get about so comfortably that a journey is a recreation has entirely destroyed the old-fashioned English holiday ways. They are no longer marked with a red cross on the family calendar months before they arrive. They are taken at an hour's notice and continued or stopped as whim or the weather or companionship may suggest. Twenty-five years ago the great roads of the country were empty, except for local traffic. Old men remembered the stage-coach and lamented its passing. Wayside inns had so little business that they forgot how to cook decent food.

To-day we are building trunk roads to take fleets of motor-cars, motor-coaches and the enduring charabanc. This means that England, making holiday, travels in the open, fresh air when it can, and alights where it can find a bed. Even the ancient, health-making tramp of a country-side on foot is in renewed fashion. On any rural road this summer you might see parties of young people taking walking tours. Maybe they were as happy as the motor-cycle young man and his pillion lass flying past them like shadows.

We are more like the traditional "Merrie England," though, if you like, "Merrie England" on a lively, noisy, nervy jazz note. "Everybody's doing it," as a familiar music-hall song said, if not at home then abroad, for it's a week-end at Le Touquet, or a month at Monte Carlo, a winter visit to the snows of Switzerland, or a cruise in some sunny clime, when London is at the dank and dismal time of the year.

Perhaps people are spending more on holidays and travel than our forbears did. May it not be an excellent investment, for health and joy equip life with that austere fortitude which makes it worthy, alike in spirit and in achievement. Moreover we only come this way once, and what we call death is an eternity.

J. M.

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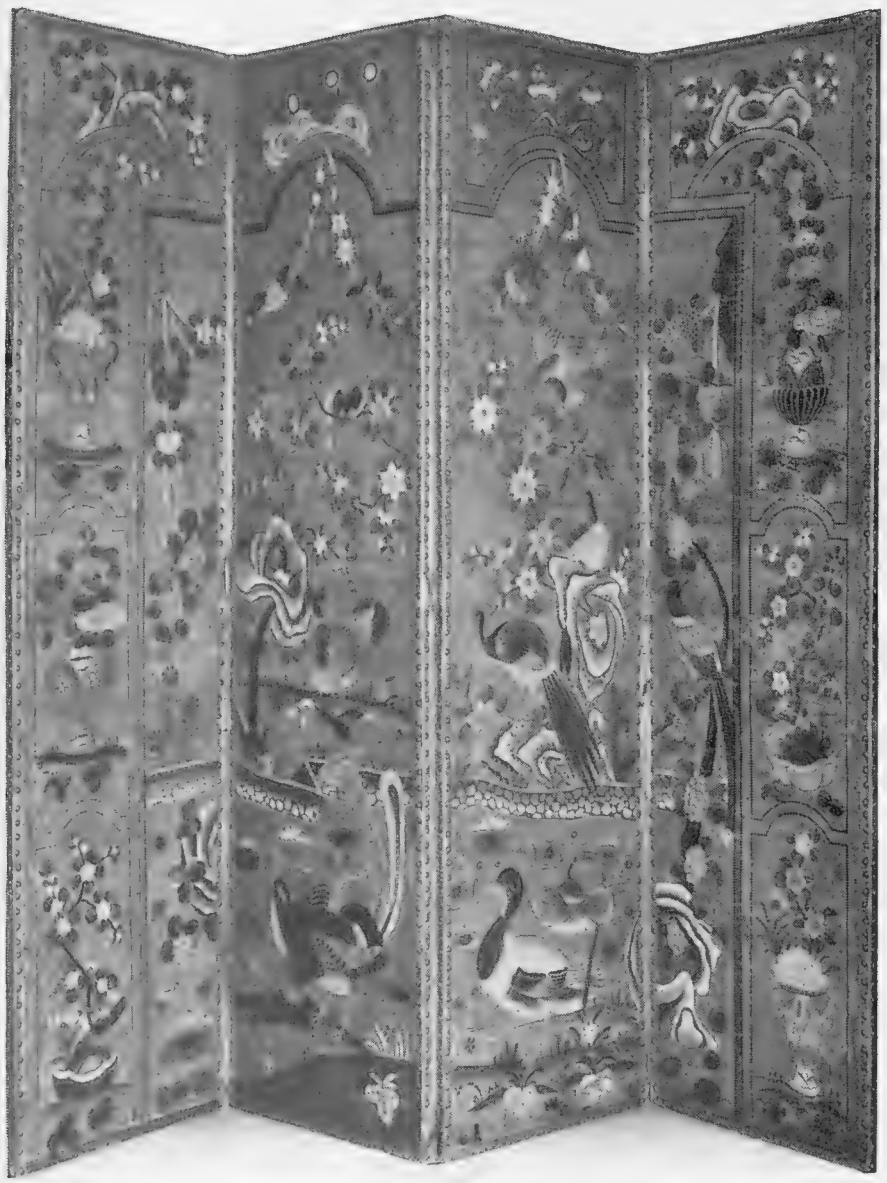

An old Chinese Leather 4-Fold Screen decorated with Birds and Flowers in brilliant colours on a gold ground. Early XVIIIth Century.

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MYSTERIES of EASTER

The Sindone of Turin

(*Continued from p.* 125)

was later stolen by one of the Bishop Knights of the Fourth Crusade which was instigated by Innocent III and carried out by the Venetian fleet and the Crusaders. The Venetian galleys, commanded by Henry Dandolo (the great Doge ninety years of age and completely blind), besieged and took Constantinople. Bishop Guarnieri kept the relics for about a year in his home, used them as he pleased without any control, then he sent some of them to the Cathedral of Troyes in his diocese, but the Sindone remained always in his possession. At his death in Constantinople in April, 1205, he left it in his will to Ponzio di Charny, his relation who had also taken part in the siege of Constantinople.

The next authentic information we gather is that Geoffrey de Charny, his descendant, in 1348, during the "black death," in accordance with a religious vow made during the plague, had a church built in his diocese of Lirey. In June, 1353, he publicly endowed this church and entrusted it with the custody of the Sacred Sindone, which had been in the possession of his family for a period of 150 years. Later it was transferred to the protection of the Monks of Lirey (in the Champagne), but always remained the property of the Charny family until Umberto de la Roche and Margaret de Charny, in 1452–53, made a present of it to Ludovic I of Savoy, who kept it in Chambéry.

It was Emanuel Filiberto of Savoy who decided to transfer the Sacred Sindone from Chambéry to Turin. Charles Borromeo made a pilgrimage from Milan to Turin, the capital of Piedmont, to see the sacred relic. He covered the distance of about 100 miles on foot accompanied by a few devotees. Since then the Sindone has remained in Turin. In 1683 certain Dukes of Savoy planned the erection of a church for its custody and veneration. This plan was carried out in 1683, during the reign of Charles Emanuel II, by the architect Guarini, who built the church with its beautiful cupola where the Sacred Sindone is venerated at the present time. It is locked in a great iron chest of which one key is kept by the House of Savoy, a second by the Municipality of Turin, a third by the Archbishop of Turin, and a fourth by the Chapître of St. John. This relic has escaped two very violent fires, and it is an all-important document of the Christian religion. The great authority of the Historian Duchesne and the documents gathered by Sanna Solaro, who wrote a remarkable historical criticism on the Sindone from which the writer has taken much information, seems to prove unquestionably the authenticity of the Sindone.

Another point in question is how and when the image of Christ on the sheet came into existence. Nearly all the prominent critics who have written on this subject have recognized the unsoundness of the hypothesis that the picture of Christ was executed by an unknown artist of the Middle Ages. The only author who sustains this theory is Pierre d'Arcy, Bishop of Troyes, who wrote in 1390, and it is evident that his motive in doing so was to divert the pilgrims from the Church of Lirey, where they were attracted by the Sacred Sindone to the church of his own diocese.

When Pius VII, in November, 1804, examined the Sindone, the stuff was found to be similar to those of the Egyptian mummies. Therefore there is no doubt that the cloth is very ancient, and that the picture of Christ could not have been painted in any subsequent period. It is interesting to note that the features of Christ resemble those of the typical Jew. The characteristic face of Christ—mild, serene, the nose a little acquiline, long hair, beard divided in the middle—is the same in all the paintings and sculptures of all times. The face of Christ, as it appears on the Sindone, is instead strikingly realistic. Was the image, then, caused by the actual imprint of His face and body made by the blood which flowed from His side at the time of the Crucifixion, as it is due to some other substance?

Jesus died at three in the afternoon on a Friday, and according to the law of the Jews the day began at six o'clock in the afternoon. Friday was "the preparation day, that is the day before the Sabbath," "and that Sabbath day was a high day," and work of any kind whatsoever was forbidden by the law of the Jews, which rule the Jews follow scrupulously even at the present day. Therefore the "burial or placing in the sepulchre" had to be completed in three hours. Therefore it was practically impossible for Joseph of Arimathæa, in the short space of three hours, to go to Pilate to ask for the body of Jesus, to take it down from the Cross with the help of Mary Magdalene, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and Mary the mother of Joses, carry it to the sepulchre, wash it, and at the same time apply the ointment. Further we know that the women waited until the Sabbath was over before bringing the spices and ointment.

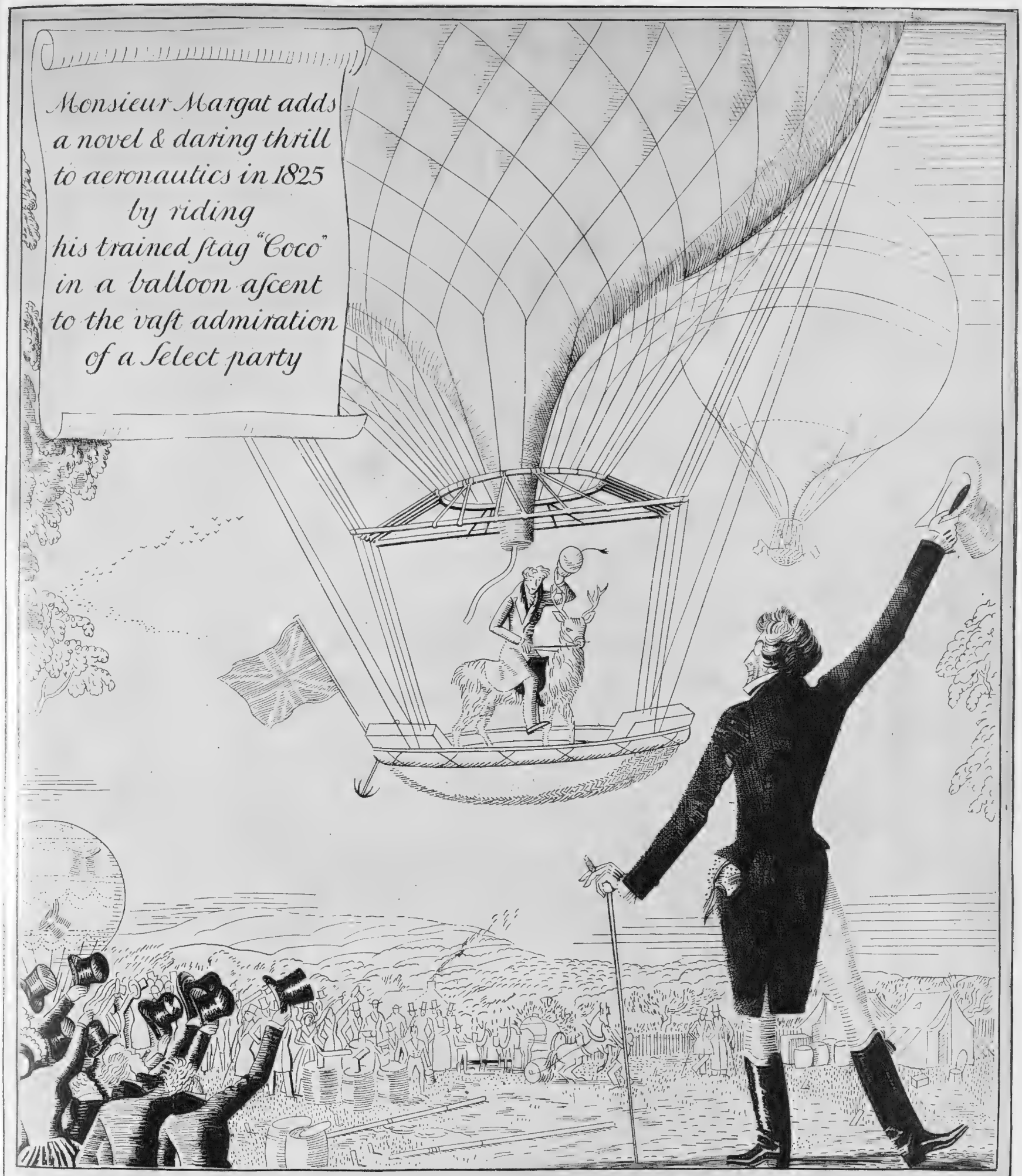
If, therefore, the women "very early in the morning the first day of the week came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun" in order to anoint the body of Jesus, it is self-evident that they could not have done this operation before burying Him. One cannot therefore invoke a non-existent action of anointing with ointment in order to explain the imprint of the body. It is necessary to lay stress on the fact that the Jews at the time of Christ used to wash the corpses, after which they bandaged them from the feet up to the neck and put a smaller napkin, called the "Sudarium," on the face so that, in the case of apparent death, the re-awakened might push it easily aside. If the image of the face had been produced inside the sepulchre during Saturday it ought to have been imprinted on the small Sudarium which covered His face, but not on the linen that was wound round His body.

The Sindone is 170 in. long and 43 in. wide. Such size explains the special purpose for which it was used. The most authoritative writers on this subject, among whom Sanna Solaro, believe the Sindone to be that linen which Joseph of Arimathæa brought after having obtained permission from Pilate to take the body of Jesus from the Cross, and which he used in order to carry and cover (as seen by the picture) Jesus in the transport from the Cross to the sepulchre. As Jesus was losing much blood from the wound in the side, and as Nicodemus, a wealthy citizen, and Joseph of Arimathæa, a conspicuous magistrate, were afraid to be seen openly carrying and performing the pious office of burying a man who had been condemned to death for political reasons, they covered and hid His body in the Sindone to carry it to the sepulchre. As they could not have washed His body all covered with His blood in such a public place as the Field of Golgotha (the place of a skull), Joseph carried it to his garden, where there was a special tomb excavated on the rock. "And after this Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus but secretly, for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus, and Pilate gave him leave. He therefore took the body of Jesus."

The pictures of the Sindone show clearly that the back of the body, under the pressure of the weight, left a deeper mark. The carrying of the corpse took a short time, but the quantity of the blood that covered the whole body, according to Sanna Solaro, was immediately absorbed by the Sindone, making the marks that can still be seen.

Another fact—of a scientific character this time—seems to confer value on this hypothesis. The Sindone was last shown to the public in 1898. It was then that two photographs were taken, under strict official control, one by Sanna Solaro, the other by Secondo Pia.

It was a sensational revelation; the double image of Christ, which was so faded as to be hardly perceptible to the naked eye on the worn-out sheet, covered with darning and traces of burning, came on the plate in all its primitive realism. The noble face with its indescribable sadness, with the drops of blood, the sores of the flagellation, the large wound on the side; the rivulets of blood—everything could be seen on that plate in such a way as neither art nor the human mind could have imagined. The image therefore on the Sindone is a negative or acts as negative.



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THE MODES OF THE SPRING

By Marjorie

There has been much controversy regarding the length of the skirts, but even this debatable subject has been settled. For evening wear frocks will be composed of soft draperies that clear the ground by a fraction of an inch. For afternoon wear in town the skirts will come down many inches below the knees. Of course much will depend on the figure of the wearer as regards height, and shall I say circumference. For country wear they will be an inch, or it may be two inches, longer than they were last year. For sports wear there is little change.

FOR ALL AGES.—Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., presented their new collection at the May Fair Hotel. It was of the greatest interest; there were fur coats ranging in price from 29 to 2,000 guineas, and the wealth present in the jewels worn cannot be estimated. Captain Wm. Ogden, 4, King Street, St. James' Square, was responsible for them. A study in contrasts were the brides' dresses. One was of the mediæval persuasion, carried out in white satin embroidered with pearls, while the other was of silver brocade and represented the very last word in modern fashion. Each bride was attended by two grown-up bridesmaids, a small girl, and page. The children took their duties very seriously. There were many Court dresses, those for the debutante having received special attention. There were yachting costumes in which white jersey and pink stockinette shared honours, while a particularly attractive beach suit was expressed in a white silken fabric. Neither must the simple ensembles be overlooked; some had long coats and others short, the majority being provided with crêpe de chine or satin blouses. Lovely day and evening wraps were well represented.

As soon as the sun condescends to shine this shady hat will come into its own. It has an adjustable brim and is carried out in fancy taffeta. At Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W.

Although this Tricoline weather coat is innocent of rubber it affords protection from wind, storm, or driving rain. It is feather-weight, and naturally ventilated

"ACCORDING TO THE CLOCK."—It was a happy thought on the part of Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., to arrange their Dress Parade according to the clock; the fashions worn by a number of mannequins were suitable from ten in the morning to twelve at night. There were enormous grandfather clocks at each end of the stage which announced the hour. At ten o'clock dresses were seen suitable for morning wear; then came everything necessary for golf. The lunch ensembles were of a rather elaborate character, as it was intimated that the guests were *en route* for two-o'clock weddings. There were two brides, one wearing a white satin dress of Grecian conception, the veil being held in position with narrow bands of white satin and trails of orange-blooms; the bridesmaids were attired in alternate green and yellow faille frocks with Victorian berthes and bonnets. The other bride had assumed a frock of silver lace, and it was of this fabric the long train was made. Various coloured laces were used for the bridesmaids' dresses.

TRICOLINE WEATHER-COATS.—A really indispensable occupant of the wardrobe is a Tricoline weather-coat. A few seasons ago this fabric was used for lingerie and summer frocks for women and children, and pyjamas and shirts for men. Now when needed for coats it is submitted to the well-known Nicholson proof, which renders it impervious to the onslaughts of the weather. Among their manifold advantages is that they are feather-weight, innocent of rubber, and perfectly ventilated. Not only are there a variety of models for women (one of which is illustrated on this page), but there are others for men. They are sold practically everywhere.

A USEFUL CATALOGUE.—Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W., have brought out a catalogue devoted to men's tailoring and outfitting; it will be sent gratis and post free. Everything of this kind a man needs may be obtained in the eastern building.

Straw and linen are seen in happy unison in this model. The hat is of the former and the decoration is of the latter. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove's

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9	0	×	9	0	... ...	9	12	0
10	6	×	6	9	... ...	8	8	0
10	6	×	9	0	... ...	11	4	0
12	0	×	9	0	... ...	12	16	0
12	0	×	11	3	... ...	16	0	0
13	6	×	9	0	... ...	14	8	0
13	6	×	11	3	... ...	18	0	0
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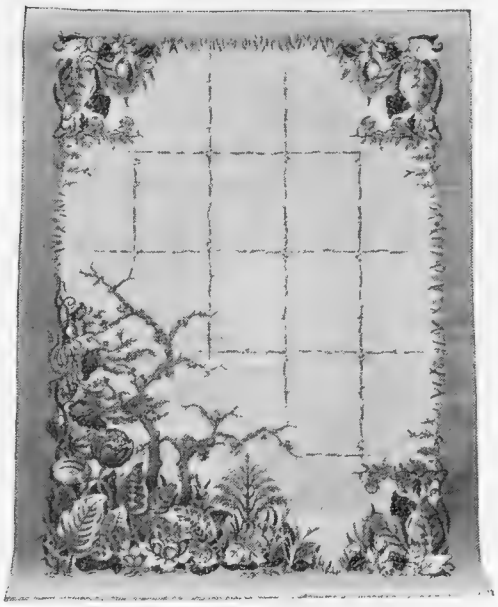

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4	8×3	3		3	19	6	13	5×3	3		6	19	6
4	11×3	9		4	19	6	13	8×3	3		8	8	0
5	3×3	6		4	15	0	14	0×3	6		7	17	6
6	6×4	4		7	7	0	14	1×3	8		8	18	6
7	2×3	7		7	17	6	14	6×3	6		7	17	6
8	9×3	10		6	19	6	15	5×3	6		9	9	0
9	1×3	7		5	15	0	15	10×3	8		7	17	6
9	3×3	8		4	14	6	16	9×3	3		8	18	6
9	10×3	11		6	19	6	17	0×3	9		9	9	0
10	3×3	7		5	15	0	17	6×3	5		8	18	6
11	2×2	11		5	10	6	18	2×3	4		10	10	0
11	3×3	11		7	7	0	19	10×3	10		12	12	0
11	6×3	5		5	5	0	21	2×3	3		12	18	6
11	9×3	8		6	19	6							

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FLYING—by C. G. Grey:

The Burned Skeleton of the German All-metal Air Liner and what it means

IN these days wherever people concerned with aviation are assembled one hears discussions about metallising aeroplanes. And for quite a number of years, even during the War 1914–18, we have seen in newspapers wonderful stories about "all-metal armoured aeroplanes," which have given the ignorant the impression that somebody has produced a kind of flying tank. Also from time to time an impression has been given in print that an all-metal aeroplane is safer against fire than one made of wood and covered with fabric.

The facts are that slowly but surely we are getting to the stage when all aeroplanes of all sizes will be built altogether on a metal framework, but the probability is that in the smaller sizes at any rate we shall always use fabric covering and we shall always use wood for interior fittings and for certain outside covering.

There are many reasons for this change-over from wood to metal. So far as war machines are concerned the chief reason is that there is not enough timber of the right sort obtainable in the world to keep a first-class war in the air going for twelve months.

Towards the end of 1918 we and our Allies had already reached the stage when we could not get enough timber to build the aircraft we wanted, although we had command of practically the whole timber supply of the world.

BURNED LIKE PAPER: The sheet metal of the German air liner destroyed by fire a few days ago at Limpsfield. Mr. Grey in this article describes why metal is used in aeroplane construction

If the War had gone on for another six months we should have had to stop using wood because although there was the timber to be got in the United States and in Canada we should have to spend two or three years driving railways through the forests to get at it.

Another reason for using metal, either steel or aluminium alloy, is that in anything like mass production it is very much cheaper than timber. There is much less wastage of material, for in a machine built entirely of wood something like 80 per cent. of the original logs is cut to waste in machining out the parts to make them light enough. In metal construction the tubes or the strips are simply rolled or drawn or swaged in the process of manufacture, so that there is practically no waste material at all.

Another reason why metal construction is preferable to wood is that in a minor accident tube or strip metal will bend, and sometimes spring, where wood will fracture and damage the people in the machine. There have been instances in which aviators who would otherwise have got away with a fractured bone or two have been killed through a splintered piece of wood sticking into them. I have in mind particularly a pilot at Brooklands before the War who was killed by a broken strut sticking into his throat although he had not a bone broken.

On the other hand, there is the argument put up by the advocates of a certain type of aeroplane in the United States built entirely of plywood like a shell, that in a "crack-up," as they call it, the body of the machine simply bursts like an egg-shell, and you either walk out of it or are pulled out of it, whereas in a metal machine the people inside would be trapped. The argument is treated rather as a joke, but there is just enough truth in it to give point to those who insist that all types of aircraft should have emergency exits for use if the machine should catch fire in a comparatively slight accident, or if it should come down on the water.

So far as risks of fire are concerned there is nothing to choose between a wooden machine and a metal machine. The fire that kills people in the machine is the fire from the petrol and burning oil. The fact that the wooden framework of the machine or the fabric is also burned does not interest the victims for they have been killed by the petrol flames long before any inflammable part of the machine is affected.

If aluminium sheeting is used instead of fabric on the wings and bodies of aeroplanes it is in fact frizzled up by petrol flames just about as quickly as is ordinary doped fabric. There are some aluminium alloys which, may flare up almost like magnesium wire.

The various types of light aeroplanes which are now becoming so popular are now practically all being built on metal skeletons, because this form of structure is definitely cheaper than wood both in material and labour. But three-ply wood is still used largely for the coverings of the bodies.

Lastly, for the benefit of those who may yet come across wild paragraphs about armoured all-metal aircraft, I may say that the metal covering which is used on certain aircraft, mostly German, would not stop a pocket-knife, let alone a rifle-bullet. It is only about the thickness of thin cardboard, and the metal is so soft that it can quite easily be cut with a sharp knife. It is only used to give stiffness to the wings and bodies of the machine, so that it acts at the same time as an outer covering and as part of the engineering structure, whereas in the ordinary way the stiffening is done by internal wire-bracing, and the fabric covering is not supposed to do any work at all.

The great fact to be remembered is that we are steadily working towards cheaper and better aeroplanes. In these days, whether a machine is built of wood or metal, it is as safe as anything human can be against breakage in the air. And one firm which make aero-engines guarantee to pay for the repair of any aeroplane which is damaged in a forced landing caused by the breakage of anything in one of their engines. With increasing knowledge of aerodynamic science the aeroplane is rapidly becoming a safe vehicle.

THE SPORT OF THE FUTURE: Members of the Gliding Club for Lancashire members of the Lancashire Aero Club inspect the new glider just purchased from Germany now housed in the hangar at Woodford, Cheshire, awaiting favourable weather for trials

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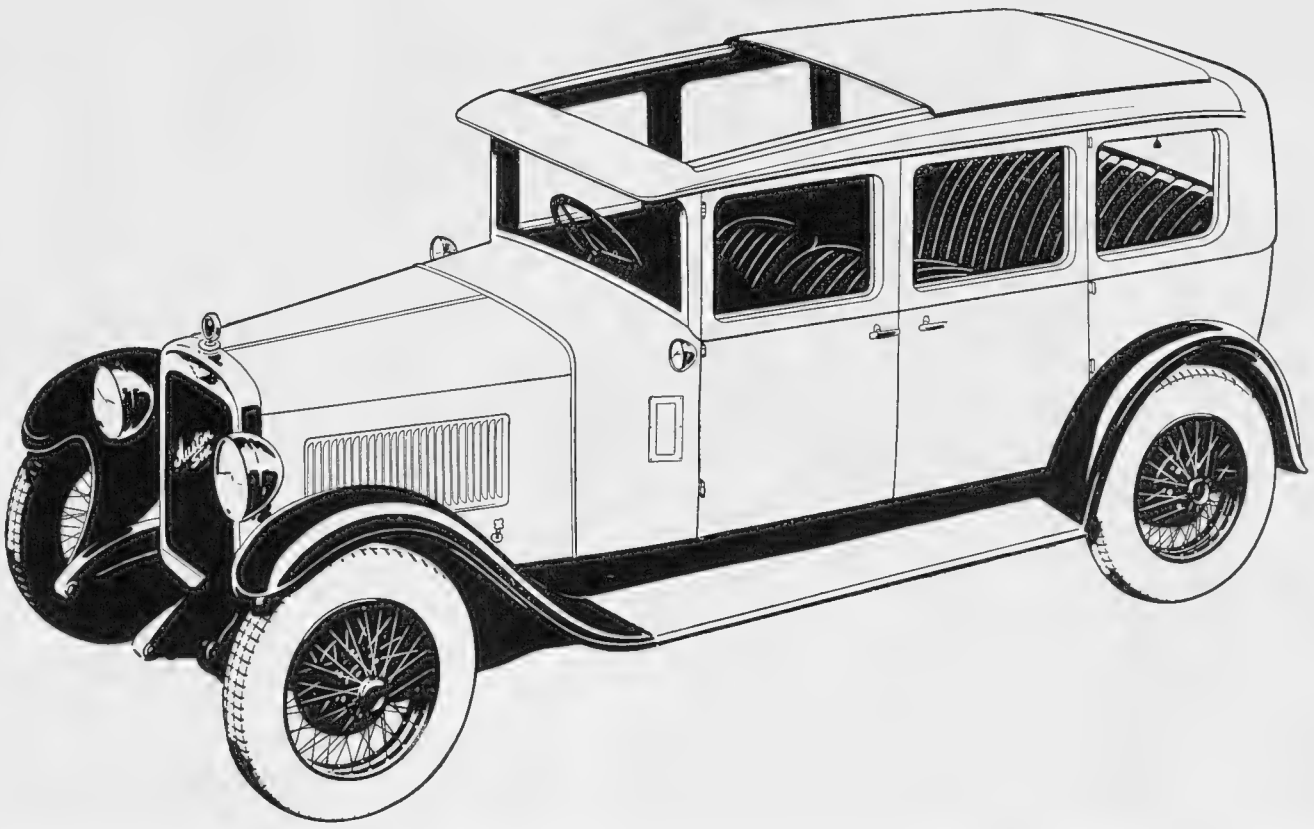

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The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

A MOTOR-TRAINING INSTITUTION.—Parents from time immemorial have always been confronted with the problem as to what to do with their boys. To-day they look round the various professions and find that they are all overcrowded. Before very long their thoughts are directed to automobile engineering and this is not surprising because most normally-minded boys are distinctly fascinated by the motor-car.

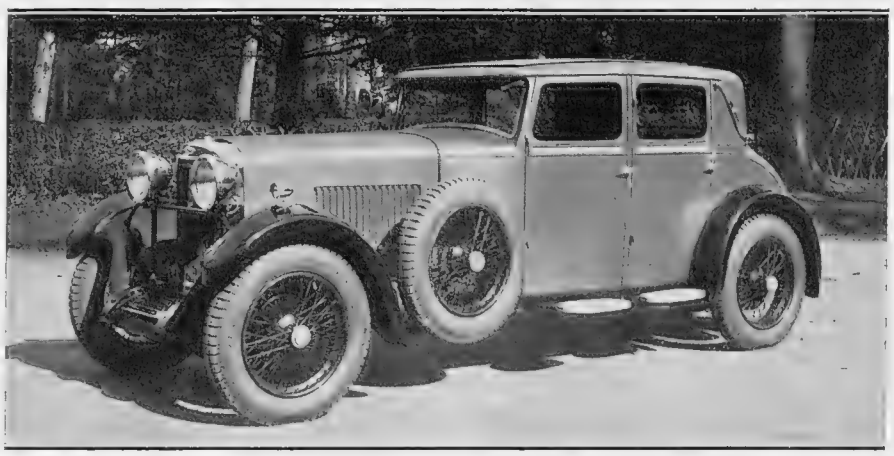
But let me strike a warning note so that parents may hear. The motor-industry to-day is definitely crowded, and unless the youth is properly trained he has not a ghost of a chance of earning his living.

Fortunately for our budding automobile engineers, there is in existence an unique institution known as the Automobile Engineering Training College, which is situated in Sidney Street, Chelsea, London. It was my pleasure the other day to make a very thorough inspection of this college during working hours, and also to pay a visit to the College House at Wimbledon, where many of the pupils live. I was agreeably surprised to find that the college is run on very strict lines, and that the Principal and Warden stand no nonsense, and are almost brutally candid to parents when their sons are found to be quite unpromising.

There is no restriction as to the age of a student on joining, but it is recommended that a youth should not be older than nineteen years nor younger than fifteen years. There are four terms in the year, and students may commence their training at the beginning of any of these.

No entrance examination takes place, but each student is enrolled for a probationary term, and his work during that period must satisfy the authorities before he is taken on definitely for the remainder of his training period. Another very gratifying feature of the college training is that the parents are given a report at the end of every term on their son's work.

A STORM IN THE PETROL TANK.—I forget how many months ago it was when there was quite a small panic about the supposed ill results which some people thought were bound to occur from the use of Ethyl petrol. Some sections of the most powerful Press took up the matter with great enthusiasm with the result that some of us pictured the streets of London buried deep in corpses. In fact the picture painted was so realistic that the Government of the day instituted an inquiry on the whole subject.



A Car to be Proud of: A 25-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam with a special "Rally" Weymann body. A car of very handsome appearance and decided individuality

Like all committees of inquiry, the proceedings have taken a long time to complete, and it is only now, some years after the subject was first debated, that we are given an authoritative report. The verdict is so very strong that I think my readers will be interested in reading the exact wording of their summary of conclusions.

THE SUMMARY.—"The results of our experiments agree with the results of the experiments carried out in the United States of America, whether on behalf of the United States Government Committee or of the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, and fully confirm the view we expressed in our interim report that the findings of the United States Government Committee were justified.

"The widespread use of Ethyl petrol as a motor fuel for motor vehicles would not, in our opinion, increase the proportion of particulate lead in the atmosphere of our streets to such an extent as to constitute a risk even to the health of that part of the population which is most exposed, namely, police officers on traffic control duty and drivers of motor and other vehicles.

"In a properly ventilated garage there would be no danger to health from the exhausts of motor vehicles, or from the evaporation of Ethyl petrol owing to spillage. Even in a badly ventilated garage the danger due to spillage would not be serious. We wish, however, again to repeat the warning given in our interim report that adequate ventilation of all garages, whether or not Ethyl petrol is used, is a matter of considerable importance, and that the danger from carbon monoxide in an unventilated garage is very serious.

"The risk arising from the absorption of lead tetra-ethyl owing to the contact of Ethyl petrol with the skin is so small as to be negligible.

"While the deposits from cylinder heads, etc., of cars using Ethyl petrol contain a high percentage of lead, the quantity and nature of these deposits are such as to make them of little significance to garage workers if due regard is had to ordinary cleanliness.

"There is no danger to water supplies from the use of Ethyl petrol."

One can only say that a lot of public money has been spent quite needlessly, and one can honestly add that the whole panic was nothing more nor less than a storm in a tea-cup.

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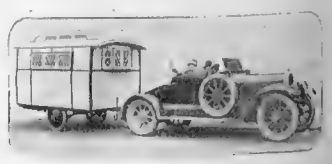

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HAPPY AND CONTENTED: A Barnardo baby

AN EMPIRE FAMILY

It is a joyful experience to give a welcome. The part of host is naturally a happy one, for it means giving pleasure to those who come. It also means giving a home to the guests for the length of their stay. Few of those who have families of their own, however, can add to them for too many days. Hearts may be large, but homes are not so expansive. But "The Largest Family in the World" Dr. Barnardo's Homes, is always adding to its numbers. All over the country, north, south, east, and west, its workers go out in response to the calls for help from the destitute little ones. Day by day they are bringing them in to find welcome and love inside the Ever-Open Door. 107,500 boys and girls and babies have joined this family since the work began.

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The Training Ship *Arethusa* is greatly in need of new processional flags for use when the boys take part in the Lord Mayor's Show and other important functions. The cost of these would amount to £20 10s., but the Committee do not feel justified in making this expenditure. Would any readers of THE SPHERE solve this difficulty by giving one of the required flags? Letters should be addressed to The General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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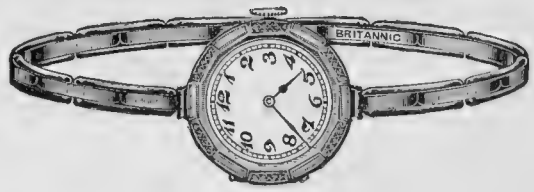

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The progressive policy adopted by present day educational authorities is exemplified by the activities of the leading public schools and universities. Whereas in former times extreme conservatism marked scholastic administration, to-day ultra-modern methods are employed, and equipment is invariably of the latest. As an instance of the wide range of products coming within the academic scope, the famous British motor mower—the Atco—might be mentioned, since it plays an important part in the maintenance of the playing fields and lawns of such famous centres of learning as Eton College, Rugby School, Christ's Hospital, Christchurch, Oxford, and St. John's College, Cambridge. In a word, Atco represents the most efficient method of turf culture. Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham, market a comprehensive range of mowers suitable for all lawns, whilst the widespread service organization enables Atco users in all parts of the country to receive prompt attention.

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NEW H. M. V. RECORDS

Some Notable Orchestral Renderings

The first electrical recording of Cæsar Franck's popular Sonata in A Minor for piano and violin is included in the new issue by "His Master's Voice." Alfred Cortot and Jaques Thibaud, recognized as the finest living interpreters of this beautiful work, play perfectly in every detail, and the recording is a triumph. Some months have elapsed since an important Tchaikovsky composition was featured, and there will be a large demand for the Variations of the Suite in G, played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. These varied interpretations of a theme appeal to everyone, and no one knows better than Landon Ronald how to secure an exquisitely-balanced performance. The New Light Symphony Orchestra is very brilliant in Herold's "Zampa" overture. "Der Rosenkavalier" waltz, by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Dr. Leo Blech, is a medley of the most melodious waltzes from Strauss's great opera. The more one hears this record the more one is enchanted. It is good again to listen to the Royal Belgian Guards' Band, a superbly organized body of musicians who give the joyous overture of "La Muette de Portici" with fascinating force. From the recently produced *Here Comes the Bride* the New Mayfair Orchestra gives several first-rate tunes, while the Palladium Orchestra makes its debut with H.M.V. in "La Siesta" and "The Grasshopper's Dance," both full of attractively novel effects.

That ever popular pianist with personality, Mark Hambourg, contributes two entirely different pieces, Sgambati's arrangement of Gluck's lovely "Melody" and Moskowski's study in G Flat. Importance attaches to any effort of John McCormack and now on one record he gives some of the best known Schubert songs. Peter Dawson will add to his vast fame with "The Village Blacksmith" and "Anchored." Winnie Melford is reminiscent of the not far past with two pretty ditties from *The Arcadians*, and another pair of old favourites, "Sally in Our Alley" and "My Pretty Jane," come from Walter Glynne. That incomparable comedienne, Gracie Fields, laughingly deals with love on the farm in "Now't about Owt," and is sentimental in "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine." Of music from the films there is Morton Downey, who plays the lead with the principal songs in *Lucky in Love*; Carl Brisson, a newcomer to "His Master's Voice," in a *Song of Soho*, a film not yet presented to the public; Helen Kane, the star of "Pointed Heels"; Jessie Crawford on the cinema organ with fascinating "Tip-toe Through the Tulips with Me" from *Gold-Diggers of Broadway*; Jack Hylton and his orchestra with "Happy Days are Here Again" and "Chasing Rainbows" foxtrots.

ODDS and ENDS.

Items of Varied Interest Briefly Noticed

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

Mainly Classical Music

Among other records received by THE SPHERE, the following are especially worthy of mention: "Concerto No. 2, F Minor" (Chopin—Op. 21), for piano and orchestra; played by Marguerite Long (piano), with Orchestre de la Société du Conservatoire, Paris, conducted by Philippe Gaubert; four records; seven parts. "Ballade" (Grieg—Op. 24); pianoforte solo by Leopold Godowsky; two records; four parts. "Fire, Fire, My Heart" (Thomas Morley, edited E. H. Fellowes) and "Lady, When I Behold" (John Wilbye, edited E. H. Fellowes), sung by the St. George Singers; unaccompanied. "The Black Domino"—Overture—(Auber, arr. Winterbottom); played by B.B.C. Wireless Military Band conducted by B. Walton O'Donnell; one record; two parts. *Rosenkavalier*—"Fantasy on Love Themes" (R. Strauss, arr. Grainger); played as a pianoforte solo by Percy Grainger; one record; two parts. "Schön Rosmarin" ("Fair Rosmarin") and "Liebesfreud ("Love's Joy"), both by Kreisler; played as violin solos by Toscha Seidel; Emanuel Bay at the piano. *Carmen*—"Gipsy Song," Act II, and *Carmen*—"Card Song," Act III (Bizet), sung in English by Muriel Brunskill, contralto; with orchestra. "Albumblatt" (Album Leaf") and "Traume" ("Dreams"), both by Wagner, arr. Willoughby; played by J. H. Squire Celeste Octet. "It's a Beautiful Day" (E. Eatherley and Sterndale Bennett), and "Lighterman Tom" (Barron and W. H. Squire), sung by Harry Dearth, baritone; with piano. "Dawn with her Rosy Mantle" (Rossini, N. Macfarren), with orchestra, and "Shall I Tell Thee the Name of Thy Lover" (Rossini, E. Agate), both from *The Barber of Seville;* sung in English by Heddle Nash, tenor; with harp accompaniment. *Elijah*—"Baal, we Cry to Thee," and "Thanks Be to God" (Mendelssohn); the Sheffield Choir, with orchestra and organ, conducted by Sir Henry Coward. "Scheherazade"—Suite Symphonique—second movement; the Story of the Kalandar Prince (Rimsky-Korsakov) (Second Part); Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris; conducted by Philippe Gaubert; one record; two parts. "Scheherazade"—Suite Symphonique—third movement; the Young Prince and the Young Princess (First Part) (Rimsky-Korsakov); Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris; conducted by Philippe Gaubert; one record; two parts.

FOOTBALL IN MEDIEVAL COSTUMES

The "Giuoco del Calcio," the precursor of modern football, is said to have originated in Florence in the Middle Ages, and to have been introduced by Florentines into France and England. However this may be, it is certain that from early times the game was exceedingly popular in Florence, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a football match organized by the young nobility on a scale of great splendour always formed an important item in any public festivities. The last and most gorgeous "Calcio" took place in 1738 in honour of the Grand Duke Francis of Lorraine and his consort, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. The matches were played either on Piazza Santa Croce (where a white marble disk marking the exact centre of the square may still be seen between two of the lower windows of Palazzo dell'Antella) or on Piazza Santa Maria Novella, where the goals were fixed in front of the two marble obelisks. In those days each side numbered twenty-seven men, and the costumes, on special occasions, were often of silk or satin embroidered in gold and silver. Football was considered "a noble and courtly game, not meant for the populace, for servants, or artisans, but for honoured soldiers, gentlemen, lords, and princes." The Medici were devoted to the "Giuoco del Calcio," and no fewer than three Florentine Popes, Clement VII, Leo XI, and Urban VIII were noted football players in their youth.

The spring celebrations of this year in Florence are commemorative of this dramatic period of Florentine history and of the heroic captain, Francesco Ferrucci, killed at Gavinana on August 3, 1530, while endeavouring to reach the besieged city by forced marches and bring succour to the garrison. It is fitting that one of the chief features of the programme should be a reconstruction of the historic football match played in Florence under enemy fire 400 years ago. Piazza S. Croce is no longer available owing to the monumental statue of Dante in the centre of the square, so the "Giuoco del Calcio" will be played on May 4 in Piazza della Signoria, against a background of the finest historical monuments of Florence. The square will be enclosed and decorated for the occasion, and stands for spectators will be erected all round. The teams, picked from the football clubs of the different city quarters, which have been shaping well of late years, thanks to Fascist encouragement, will represent the north and south banks of the Arno. Their picturesque costumes, designed with strict regard to historical accuracy by Professor A. Lensi, are of fine parti-coloured cloth, green will predominate on one side and white on the other, with doublets and hose, stockings fastened at the knee, and soft shoes, and so for one day a scene from the great historic past of Florence will live again in a wonderful vision of the sixteenth century, organized and enacted by twentieth-century Florentines.

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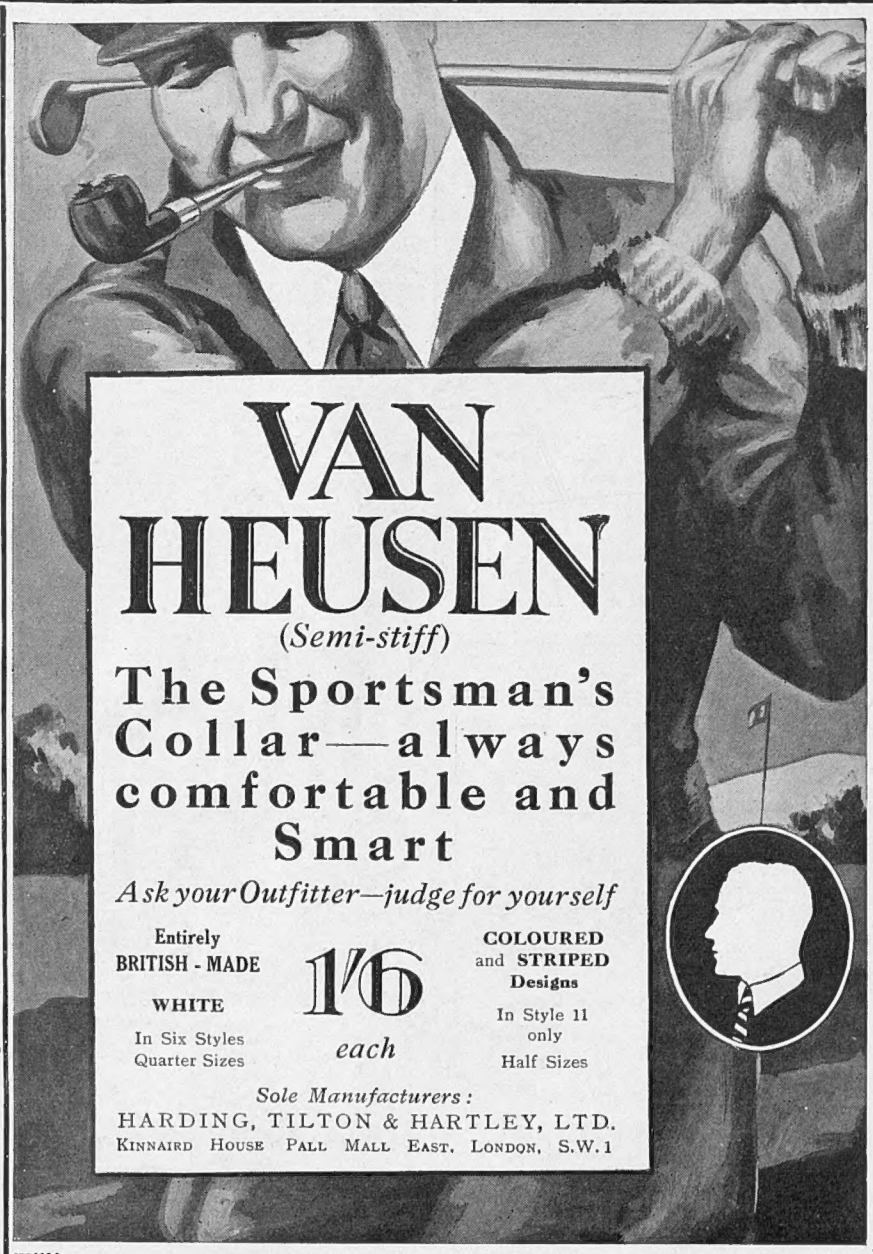

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